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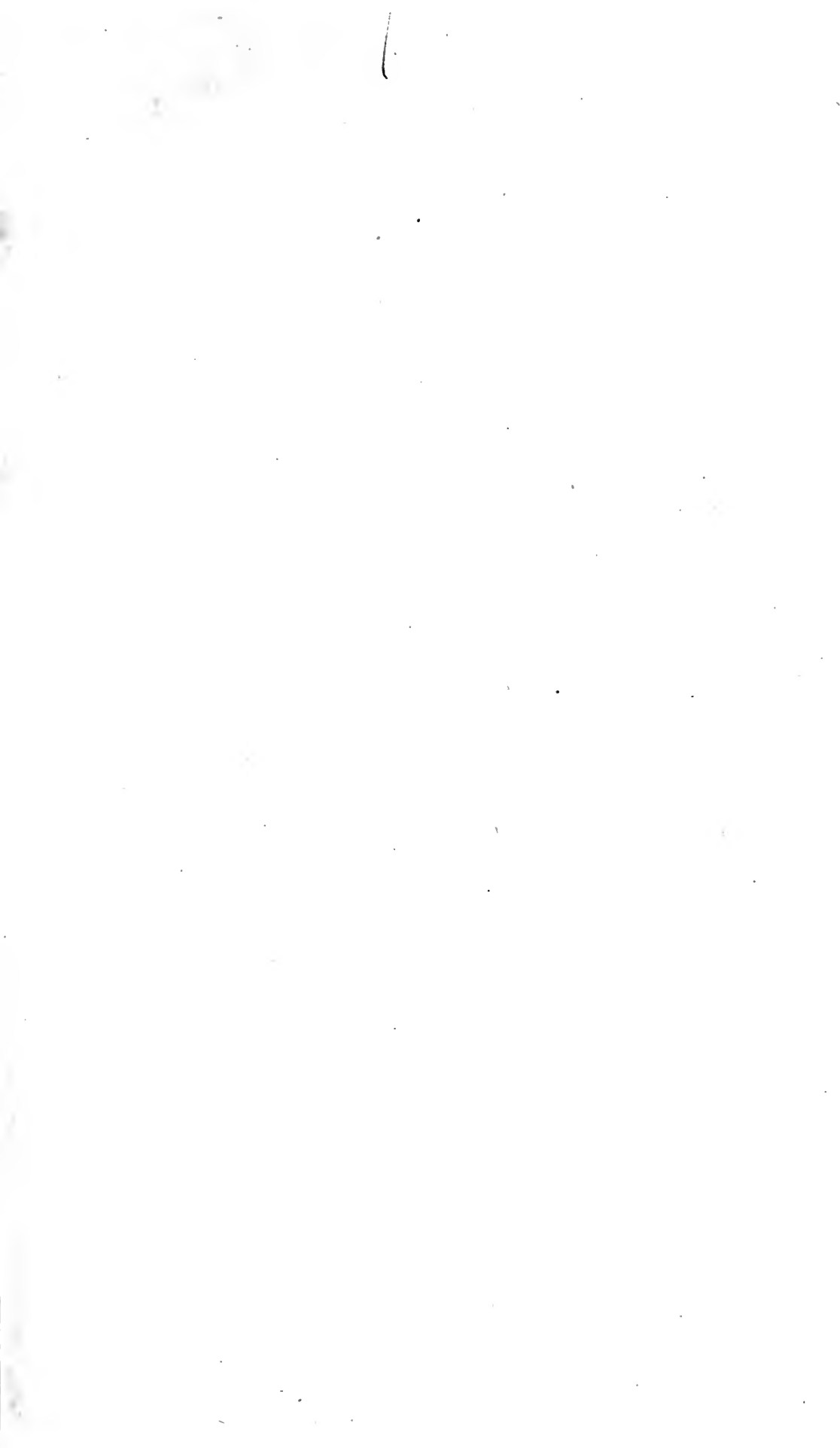
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Fanny Davenport as "Cleopatra."

ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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COMPLETE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

WITH NOTES BY
MALONE, STEEVENS, AND OTHERS.

TOGETHER WITH
A BIOGRAPHY, CONCORDANCE OF FAMILIAR PAS-
SAGES, INDEX TO CHARACTERS, AND
GLOSSARY OF OBSOLETE TERMS.

Illustrated with twenty-three Steel Engravings
and ten Photogravures.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.
VOL. VII.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs.*

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } *Friends of Antony*

MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } *Friends of Cæsar.*

MENAS,
MENEKRATES,
VARRIUS, } *Friends of Pompey.*

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*

CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-General to Antony.*

SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*

EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, *Attendants
on Cleopatra.*

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN and IRAS, *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersed in several Parts of the Roman Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Philo. NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front. His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust. Look, where they come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their
Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new
earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony.

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
 If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
 You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
 Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
 Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—Both?—
 Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
 Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame,
 When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
 Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space;
 Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
 Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
 And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind,
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
 We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
 Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

Ant. But stirred by Cleopatra.—
 Now, for the love of love, and her soft hours,
 Let's not confound the time with conference harsh.
 There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie wrangling queen!
 Whom every thing becomes; to chide, to laugh,
 To weep; whose every passion fully strives
 To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!
 No messenger; but thine and all alone,
 To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
 The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
 Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO., with their Train.*

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
 He comes too short of that great property
 Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer—

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,

A little I can read

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names. Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wisnes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool; I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be
—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts Heavens mend!—Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die, too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded. Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do it.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,
CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.]

Mess. Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant.

Well,

What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On;
Things that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flattered.

Mess.

Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess.

O my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home; mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's called in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure.

[*Erit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such a one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant.

Let him appear,—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia, thy wife, is dead.

Ant.

Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant.

Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger*

There's a great spirit gone! thus did I desire it.

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that shoved her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of true love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shali break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea. Our slippery people (Whose love is never linked to the deserver, Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the Great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier; whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does.—
I did not send you.—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return. [*Exit ALEX.*

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way; cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far. I wish, forbear:
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betrayed! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no color for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words. No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliss in our brows bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven. They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turned the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen;

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords. Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemned Pompey,
Rich in his father's honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen.

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awaked; at the last, best.
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O, most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well;
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honorable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears

Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there's not it;
That you know well. Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labor,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming's kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honor calls you hence;
'Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurelled victory! and smooth success
Be strewed before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news:—He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly give audience, or

Vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness.
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven;
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant it is not
Amisss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat. Say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he filled
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't; but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment'.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And, it appears, he is beloved of those
That only have feared Cæsar. To the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wronged.

Cæs. I should have known no less.—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wished until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes deared, by being lacked. This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Caesar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like a stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on. And all this,
(It wounds thine honor, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnished to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char.

Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char.

You think of him

Too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char.

Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar.

What's your highness' pleasure!

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminared, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt? Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done.
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo.

O Charmian,

Where think'st he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! For wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison.—Think on me,

That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was

A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey

Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die

With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With its tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the East,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arrogant steed,
Who neighed so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year, between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him;
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his. He was not merry;
Which seemed to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both;
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O, that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days;
When I was green in judgment;—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away.
Get me ink and paper; he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well.
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors. Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flattered; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false,

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wanned lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming? Epicurean cooks,

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honor,
Even till a lethed dulness!—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donned his helm
For such a petty war. His soldiership
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warred upon him; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all.
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself. If Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,

Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia.
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard; when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay,

Then——

Ant. I learn you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laughed at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laughed at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concerned me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt. Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patched up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another.
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might
go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning. But, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much,
As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honor's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lacked it. But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I required them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poisoned hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honor
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefs between ye; to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant,
you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return
it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have
nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,——

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia. Great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing; truths would be tales,
Where now half-tales be truths; her love to both,
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought;
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touched
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand.
Further this act of grace; and from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report:
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us.
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talked of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my
honorable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well
digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and
made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and
but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we had much
more monstrous matter of feasts, which worthily deserved
noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square
to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up
his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared, indeed; or my reporter devised
well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in like a burnished throne,

Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggared all description; she did lie
 In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
 The fancy outwork nature; on each side her,
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-colored fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings; at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange, invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: she replied,
 It should be better he became her guest;
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
 Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
 And for his ordinary, pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
 He ploughed her, and she cropped.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street;
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect, perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:
 Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety. Other women
 Cloy the appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
 Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
 Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
 Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants,
 and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
 Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
 To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report.
 I have not kept my square; but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR, and OCTAVIA.*

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
 Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in
 My motion, have it not in my tongue. But yet
 Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
 Whose fortunes shall rise higher; Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's;
 Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side,
 Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
 Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
 Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel

Becomes a fear, as being overpowered: therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone;
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.

[*Exit Soothsayer*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoke true. The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhooped, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the East my pleasure lies.—O come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further; pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr.

Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards.
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch played,
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is showed, though it come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now;—
Give me mine angle:—We'll to the river; there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, *Ah ha! you're caught.*

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wagered on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laughed him out of patience; and that night
I laughed him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Rain thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress;
But well and free,

If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark: We use
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will; *listen*
But there's no goodness in thy face. If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favor
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crowned with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st.
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. —Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*; it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon *but yet*;
But yet is as a jailer to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friend with Cæsar;
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report;
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him;—Call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst; *lie*
So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you.

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of—Get thee hence,
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,
Are all too dear for me. Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger.

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O Iras,—Charmian,—'Tis no matter.—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination; let him not leave out

The color of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit ALEXAS.

Let him forever go.—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other way he's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas

[To MARDIAN.

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with drum and trumpet; at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENO-BARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs.

Most meet

That first we come to words; and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent;

Which if thou hast considered, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,

That else must perish here.

Pom.

To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,

Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know

Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you laboring for him. What was it,
That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honored, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The angered ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea; at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome. This 'greed upon,
To part with unbacked edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepared
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand.
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the East are soft; and thanks to you,
That called me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gained by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed;
I crave our composition may be written,
And sealed between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard;—
And I have heard Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that;—he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now;—how far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand.
I never hated thee; I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behavior.

Eno. Sir,

I never loved you much; but I have praised you,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness;
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all.
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas; if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he forever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again; then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said

before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir; we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [Exeunt

SCENE VII. *On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.*

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colored;

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *No more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship. I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir. [To CÆSAR.] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be; but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept. I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear; what is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, Captain, [*Aside.* And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What color is it of?

Ant. Of its own color too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MENAS, aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I called for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

Pom. I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith. What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and, Although you think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel. Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats.
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honor;
Mine honor it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed thine act. Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, *[Aside.*
I'll never follow thy palled fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offered,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk. 'Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labor when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANTONY
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music;—
The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall sing;
The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drowned;
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!*

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.
Good brother,

Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Anticked us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house.—But what? We are friends:
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.*
Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear me bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows. Sound, and be hanged, sound out.

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!
Come. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now, Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes, Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius, Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm, The fugitive Parthians follow. Spur through Media, Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither The routed fly. So thy grand captain Antony Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius, I have done enough. A lower place, note well, May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius; Better to leave undone, than by our deed Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away. Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won More in their officer, than person. Sossius, One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant, For quick accumulation of renown, Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favor. Who does i' the wars more than his captain can, Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition, The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss, Than gain, which darkens him. I could do more to do Antonius good, But 'twould offend him; and in his offence Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that Without the which a soldier, and his sword, Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name, That magical word of war, we have effected; How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks, The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil.

Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rome. *An Antechamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatched with Pompey; he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome. Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar, why he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? the god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar; go no
further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony.
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So,—
[*Trumpets.*]

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we

Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherished.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wailed,
Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Outgo my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you, in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu! be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*
Ant. Farewell!
 [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
 Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
 But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
 I'll have; but how? when Antony is gone
 Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
 Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
 I looked her in the face; and saw her led
 Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam,

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good; he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue, and dwarf-
 ish?—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
 If e'er thou look'st on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;
 Her motion and her station are as one:
 She shows a body rather than a life;
 A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
 Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet;
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness,

Cleo. For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.—
Her hair, what color?

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again. I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so. I repent me much,
That I so harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Char-
mian.—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV. Athens. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke scantily of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honor, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me.
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts; the good gods will mock me pre-
sently,
When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honor,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us. The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey, upon his own appeal, seizes him. So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murdered Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught;
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this; and more.
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned. At the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaimed, The kings of kings;
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assigned
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appeared; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Informed.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoiled, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored; lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answered.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquered,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquered kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Oct. You have not called me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear. The trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved. We should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begged
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Tracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Anintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither.
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,
Be ever known to patience; my dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.**Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.**Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.*Eno.* But why, why, why?*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?*Cleo.* If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?*Eno.* [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply;
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.*Cleo.* What is't you say?*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.*Cleo.* Sink Rome; and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.*Eno.* Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.**Ant.* Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admired,
Than by the negligent.*Ant.* A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.*Cleo.* By sea! What else?*Can.* Why will my lord do so?*Ant.* For that he dares us to't.*Eno.* So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well manned;
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Engrossed by swift impress. In Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-marked footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full manned, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Tormyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't. So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labor; and throes forth,
Each minute, some. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII. *A Plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll.
Our fortune lies upon this jump. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land-Army one way
over the stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of Cæsar,
the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of
a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer.
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,

With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the tokened pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred hag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appeared,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld;
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loofed,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night.
Indeed. *[Aside.]*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus they are fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is ashamed to bear me!—Friends, come hither.
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way forever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone.
My treasure's in the harbor; take it.—O,
I followed that I blush to look upon.
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness. Take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself. To the sea-side straightway;
I will possess you of that ship and treasure,
Leave me, I pray, a little; 'pray you now;
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you;—I'll see you by-and-by. *[Sits down.]*

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him;—comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O, fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—he, at Philippi, kept
His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war. Yet now—no matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me;—Oh!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declined, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroyed in dishonor.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead;—
Some wine, within there, and our viands.—Fortune knows
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Cæsar's Camp in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is plucked, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony.
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so; declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens. This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; despatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra; promise, [*To THYREUS.*
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touched vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nicked his captainship. At such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question; 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular. His coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i'the command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the show,
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneeled unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly;—yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend. For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus, then, thou most renowned; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on; right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honor, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honor was not yielded,
But conquered merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,

That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. *[Exit ENOBARBUS]*

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this in disputation,
I kiss his conquering hand. Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
Oft, when he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rained kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obeyed.

Eno. You will be whipped.

Ant. Approach there;—Ay, you kite!—Now, god
and devils!
Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried, *Ho!*
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here (what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Tug him away; being whipped.
Bring him again.—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt* Attend., with *THYREUS*.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you.—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,——

Ant. You have been a boggler ever.
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O, misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregistered in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously picked out.—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A haltered neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipped?

Re-enter Attendants, with *THYREUS*.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begged he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favor.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
 Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
 To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
 Thou hast been whipped for following him: henceforth,
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,
 Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
 Tell him thy entertainment. Look, thou say,
 He makes me angry with him; for he seems
 Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;
 Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
 Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
 My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
 Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
 As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou;
 Hence, with thy stripes; begone. [*Exit* THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
 Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
 The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
 With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
 And poison it in the source; and the first stone
 Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
 Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
 Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held; our severed navy too
 Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
 If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;

I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed,
And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night: call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday.

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so; we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet.—The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANT., CLEO., and Attendants.

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is, to be frightened out of fear; and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valor preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a letter*; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and
others.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipped with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs.

Let our best heads

Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight.—Within our files there are
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
ALEXAS, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno.

No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant.

To-morrow, soldier,

By sea and land I'll fight; or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honor in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant.

Well said; come on.—

Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand;
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have served me
well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo.

What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots

[*Aside.*

Out of the mind.

Ant.

And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapped up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night.
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty.
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow; perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense.
I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honor. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night; to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way; fare you well!
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumor.
Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night,
 [*The first two place themselves at their posts.*]

4 *Sold.* Here we; [*They take their posts;*] and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
 And full of purpose. [*Music of hautboys under the stage.*]

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well,

Does't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
 Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
 Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this? [*Several speaking together.*]

1 *Sold.* Ay; is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
 Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content. 'Tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN and others
attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armor, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come mine armor, Eros!

Enter EROS, with armor.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on.—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armorer of my heart.—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help; thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this, than thou; despatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation; thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome.
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge;
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.

Enter other Officers and Soldiers.

2 Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.
This is a soldier's kiss; rebukable, *[Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony,—But now,—Well, on. *[Exeunt*

SCENE V. *Antony's Camp near Alexandria.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would thou and those thy scars had once prevailed
To make me fight at land!

Sold. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Despatch.—Enobarbus! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three nooked world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa,
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hanged him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honorable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus. The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus;
I tell you true. Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit Soldier.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No; I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. *Enter AGRIPPA and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far;
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. *Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valor. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS and Forces

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; run one before.
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's.
Enter the city; clip your wives, your friends;
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honored gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;

[*To SCARUS*

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine armed neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favoring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior.—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armor all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hacked targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. *Enter* ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard. The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;

That life, a very rebel to my will,
 May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
 Which being dried with grief, will break to powder,
 And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
 Forgive me in thine own particular;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive.
 O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies.

2 Sold. Let's speak

To him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleep.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir?

1 Sold. The hand of death hath raught him. Hark, the
 drums [Drums afar off.

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
 To the court of guard; he is of note. Our hour
 Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on, then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt, with the body.

SCENE X. *Between the two Camps.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
 We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
 We'd fight there too. But this it is; our foot
 Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
 Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given;
 They have put forth the haven. Let's seek a spot,
 Where their appointment we may best discover,
 And look on their endeavor.

[Exeunt.

Enter CÆSAR and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,
 Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not joined. Where yonder pine does
stand,
I shall discover all; I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests; the augures
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight. Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—'Triple-turned whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them all fly, begone. [*Exit SCARUS.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this!—The hearts
That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is barked,
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! This grave charm
Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gypsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis well thou'rt
 gone,

If it be well to live; but better 'twere
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me. Teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
 Let me dodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
 And with those hands, that grasped the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self. The which shall die;
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot; she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI. Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAM, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so embossed.

Char. To the monument;
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
 Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
 And word it, prythee, piteously. Hence,
 Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
 To the monument. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE XII. The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
 A vapor, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
 A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
 A forked mountain or blue promontory

With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body. Here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Packed cards with Cæsar, and false played my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robbed me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betrayed me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, *Antony! most noble Antony!*
Then in the midst of a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She rendered life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labor richly; go.—Off, pluck off;—

[Exit MARDIAN.]

The sevenfold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—

No more a soldier.—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—

[*Exit EROS.*

I will o’ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture. Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labor
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength. Seal, then, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we’ll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I lived in such dishonor, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quartered the world, and o’er green Neptune’s back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me. Do’t; the time is come
Thou strik’st not me; ’tis Cæsar thou defeat’st.
Put color in thy check.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleached arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheeled seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see’t.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cured.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo, thee. *[Turning from him.]*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why, there, then.—*[Falls on his sword.]* Thus
do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. *[Dies.]*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and *Eros*
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record. But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, *Eros*,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[Falling on his sword.]
I learned of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCEAS and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and wo!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. *[Exeunt Guard.]*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Locked in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She hath disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing, since, how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed.—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra 'bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* ANTONY.]

SCENE XIII. *The same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportioned to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O, thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! — Darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony, Antony, Antony!
Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help; help, friends
Below, let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace.
Not Cæsar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses, the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken; not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honor
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-winged Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet, come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw* ANTONY *up.*
And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast lived.

Quickened with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen.
Of Cæsar seek your honor with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me.
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquished. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [Dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt.—My lord!—
O, withered is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead, too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,——

Iras. Madam,——

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;

To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is sottish; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad. Then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
 My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take heart.

[*To the Guard below.*

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come away;
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
 But resolution and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY'S body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS,
 PROCULEIUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
 Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
 The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
 Appear thus to us?

Der. I am called Dercetas;
 Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
 Best to be served; whilst he stood up and spoke,
 He was my master; and I wore my life,
 To spend upon his haters. If thou please
 To take me to thee, as I was to him
 I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
 I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens.—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honor in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robbed his wound of it; behold it stained
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honors
Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touched.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him.
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have followed thee to this;—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine: we could not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen, my mistress,
 Confined in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction;
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honorable and how kindly we
 Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
 To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
 We purpose her no shame; give her what comforts
 The quality of her passion shall require;
 Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
 She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
 Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
 And with your speediest, bring us what she says,
 And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
 To second Proculeius? [*Exit GALLUS.*

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
 How he's employed; he shall in time be ready.
 Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
 How hardly I was drawn into this war;
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still
 In all my writings. Go with me, and see
 What I can show in this.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
 A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
 Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will. And it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung;
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter, to the gates of the monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom. If he please
To give me conquered Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneeled to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised;

[*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend the monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard Exit GALLUS.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold.
[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betrayed.

Cleo. What, of death too
That rids our dogs of languish.

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself. Let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir,
(If idle talk will once be necessary;)
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee. For the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best; be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please

[To CLEOPATRA.

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known:
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams.
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamed there was an emperor Antony.
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,——

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon; which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,——

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his reared arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like; they showed his back above
The element they lived in. In his livery
Walked crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropped from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,——

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamed of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.

Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,——

Dol. Though he be honorable,——

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.

Within. Make way there!—Cæsar!

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS,
and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam. [*CLEOPATRA kneels.*

Cæs. Arise,

You shall not kneel.—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts.
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you'll rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world; 'tis yours: and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possessed of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seel my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O behold
How pomp is followed! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired!—What, goest thou back; thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honor of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserved,
Immement toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[To SELEUCUS.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours;
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheered;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen,
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs.

Not so; adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself; but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.

Hie thee again.

I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char.

Behold, sir. [*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

Cleo.

Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this. Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this; I have performed
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo.

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol.

I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOL.*] Now, *Iras*,
what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I; mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapor.

Iras.

The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras*. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymer
Ballad us out o' tune; the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present

Our Alexandrian revels. Antony
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
 I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
 Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
 To fool their preparation, and to conquer
 Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen.—Go fetch
 My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
 To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
 Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch, indeed.
 And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
 To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
 Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
 That will not be denied your highness' presence;
 He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
 [*Exit Guard.*]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
 My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
 Of woman in me. Now from head to foot
 I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
 No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown, bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]
 Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
 That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be the party
 that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal;
 those that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one
 of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman,
 but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but
 in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it,

what pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman; I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me. Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.—Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come. Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life.—So,—have you done? Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies*]

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base.
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie; poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpoliced!

Char. O Eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep!

Char. O break! O break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too;—

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [Falls on a bed and dies.

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where's the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies the asp.*

O, come; apace, despatch; I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well; Cæsar's beguiled.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well
done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*Dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this. Thyself art coming
To see performed the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there! a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last.
She levelled at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths:
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poisoned, then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; trembling she stood,
And on the sudden dropped.

Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallowed poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown.
The like is on her arm

1 Guard. This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt*

CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen*

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan*

GUIDERIUS, } *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of*

ARVIRAGUS, } *Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus,* }

IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario,* } *Italians.*

A French Gentleman, *Friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*

A Roman Captain. *Two British Captains.*

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen

Two Jailers.

Queen, *Wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Sooth-sayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gentleman.* You do not meet a man but frowns; our
 bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers,
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife's sole son, (a widow
That late he married,) hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;
Her husband banished; she imprisoned: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touched at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too; so is the queen,
That most desired the match. But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath missed the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(I mean that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banished,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think

So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honor
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success.
So gained the sur-addition, Leonatus;
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered; and
In his spring became a harvest; lived in court
(Which rare it is to do) most praised, most loved;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards; to his mistress,
From whom he now is banished,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honor him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so conveyed!

So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange
Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear; here comes the queen and
princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-eyed unto you; you are my prisoner, but
Your jailer shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You leaned unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barred affections; though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together. [*Exit Queen*

Imo. O,
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserved my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me

Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little;
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,

That shouldst repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation: I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus.
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir; Heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbor shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together; you have done [*To the Queen.*
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience;—peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way;
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,

But that my master rather played than fought,
And had no help of anger. They were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honor,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me; you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard. For this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.—Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town. [*Aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies! [*Aside.*

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside.*

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail; if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offered mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kissed it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; cracked them,
but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;

Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turned mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honor; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatched.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman,
and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain; he
was then of a crescent note, expected to prove so worthy,
as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then
have looked on him without the help of admiration; though
the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his
side, and I do peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than
now he is, with that which makes him both without and
within.

French. I have seen him in France; we had very many
there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter,
(wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his
own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Brittany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken. The one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual. A cunning thief, or a that-way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honor of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy seignior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbor's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honor of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return.—Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking; I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one. If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honor as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain;

lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* *POST.* and *IACH.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Seignior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [*Exeunt* Ladies.

Now master doctor have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam;
[*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question; have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,,
To try the vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside*

Will I first work; he's for his master,
 And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
 Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
 Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
 But you shall do no harm. [*Aside*
Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To PISANIO.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
 Strange, lingering poisons; I do know her spirit,
 And will not trust one of her malice with
 A drug of such damned nature. Those she has,
 Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
 Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs;
 Then afterward up higher; but there is
 No danger in what show of death it makes,
 More than the locking up the spirits a time,
 To be more fresh, reviving. She is fooled
 With a most false effect; and I the truer,
 So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
 Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think,
 in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter
 Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;
 When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
 I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
 As great as is thy master; greater; for
 His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
 Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
 Continue where he is; to shift his being,
 Is to exchange one misery with another;
 And every day that comes, comes to decay
 A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
 To be depender on a thing that leans?
 Who cannot be new-built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a box; PISANIO takes it up*
 So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labor.
 It is a thing I made, which hath the king
 Five times redeemed from death; I do not know
 What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.
 Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women;
 Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*]—A sly and constant
 knave;

Not to be shaken; the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humor, shall be assured

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done.
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do;
 But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banished;—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter*

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness, be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.] *He is one of the noblest ncte, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest* LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinned stones
Upon the numbered beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favor, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both filled and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—'Beseech you, sir, desire
[*To PISANIO.*

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is called
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home. He furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my sides hold, to think, that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but Heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: but yet Heaven's bounty towards him
might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me. What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your———But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. 'Pray **you**,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I (damned then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood, (falsehood, as
With labor;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to an empery,
Would make the greatest king double! to be partnered
With tomboys, hired with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boiled stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be revenged;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo.

Revenged!

How should I be revenged? If this be true,
 (As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
 Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
 How should I be revenged?

Iach.

Should he make me

Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
 I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
 More noble than that runagate to your bed;
 And will continue fast to your affection,
 Still close, as sure.

Imo.

What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
 So long attended thee.—If thou wert honorable,
 Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honor; and
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
 Thee and the devil alike. What, ho, Pisanio!—
 The king, my father, shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault. If he shall think it fit,
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;

The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assured credit!—Blessed live you long!
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
 Country called his! and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
 That which he is, new o'er. And he is one
 The truest mannered; such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him;
 Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo.

You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god;
 He hath a kind of honor sets him off,

More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honored with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France. 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honor for their safety. Since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men. I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I crossed the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam;
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court before Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an upcast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't. And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. *[Aside.]*

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor *[Aside.]* crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. *[Aside.]*

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen, my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. *[Aside.]*

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't?

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. *[Aside.]*

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN and first Lord

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame governed;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honor; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
To enjoy thy banished lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber; in one part of it a trunk.*

IMOGEN, reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours, then; mine eyes are weak.—
Fold down the leaf where I have left. To bed;
Take not away the taper; leave it burning;
And if thou canst wake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.

[*Exit* Lady.

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps.* IACHIMO, from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabored sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he wakened
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,

How bravely thou becomest thy bed! Fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagoned,
 How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her; and would underpeep her lids,
 To see the inclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows; white and azure, laced
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
 To note the chamber.—I will write all down;—
 Such, and such, pictures;—there the window;—such
 The adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such;—and the contents o' the story,—
 Ay, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner movables
 Would testify to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I have picked the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honor. No more.—To what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screwed to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turned down,
 Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough;
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye. I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes*
 One, two, three,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

SCENE III. *An Antechamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,
 the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue, too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent, good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phæbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better; if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. *[Exeunt Musicians.]*

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music; but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time

Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season. Make denials
Increase your services; so seem, as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his. We must receive him
According to the honor of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym., Queen, Lords, and Mess.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho! [*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her; what
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man killed, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo.

A gentleman.

Lady.

No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person; is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest sister; your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir; you lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble. The thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me.
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me. I' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin!
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do.

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal; and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself,) I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and fostered with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties,

(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary) in self-figured knot;
 Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom; thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
 The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
 For being preferred so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
 To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer,
 In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil——

Imo. To Dorothy, my woman, lie thee presently.—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
 Frighted, and angered worse.—Go, bid my woman
 Search for a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's; 'shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think
 I saw't this morning; confident I am,
 Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
 I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*

Clo. You have abused me.—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too.

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent.

[*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be revenged.—

His meanest garment?—Well.

[*Exit*

SCENE IV. Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir. I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honor
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these feared hopes
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company
O'erpay all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus. Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly; and, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kissed your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have looked upon.
Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approached.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honor,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honor, gains, or loses,
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post.

Proceed.

Iach.

First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) it was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swelled above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride; a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wondered,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post.

This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach.

More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post.

So they must,
Or do your honor injury.

Iach.

The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing. Never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post.

This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach.

The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted. Her audirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post.

This is her honor!—
Let it be granted you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach.

Then, if you can,
[Pulling out the bracelet.
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel. See!—
And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post.

Jove!—
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that.
 She stripped it from her arm; I see her yet;
 Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
 And yet enriched it too. She gave it me, and said
 She prized it once.

Post. May be, she plucked it off
 To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[Gives the ring]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
 Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honor,
 Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
 Where there's another man. The vows of women
 Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
 Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.—
 O above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
 And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won.
 It may be probable she lost it; or,
 Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
 Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
 And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring;—
 Render to me some corporal sign about her,
 More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
 'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure
 She would not lose it: her attendants are
 All sworn and honorable.—They induced to steal it!
 And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoyed her.
 The cognizance of her incontinency
 Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
 There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
 Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient.
 This is not strong enough to be believed
 Of one persuaded well of——

Post. Never talk on't;
 She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
 For further satisfying, under her breast
 (Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
 Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
 I kissed it; and it gave me present hunger

To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic; never count the turns
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meat!
I will go there, and do't; i' the court; before
Her father.—I'll do something—— *[Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won.
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit. Yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance;
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained,
And prayed me oft, forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warmed old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunned snow.—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first. Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorned boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *Oh!* and mounted; found no opposition
But what he looked for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out

The woman's part in me! for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all.
 For even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit

ACT III.

SCENE I. Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say what would Augustus Cæsar with us

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
 Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
 Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
 And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less,
 Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untendered.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is
 A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
 Which then they had to take from us, to resume

We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
 The kings your ancestors; together with
 The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
 Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
 Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
 (The first that ever touched him,) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, cracked
 As easily 'gainst our rocks; for joy whereof,
 The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point
 (O giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan; I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free. Cæsar's ambition,
 (Which swelled so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o' the world,) against all color, here
 Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordained our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius made our laws,
 Who was the first of Britain which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and called
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,

That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
 Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee; look
 For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him; of him I gathered honor;
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent
 Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold.
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with
 us a day or two longer. If you seek us afterwards in other
 terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat
 us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our
 crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine;
 All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Another Room in the same.*

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
 O master! what a strange infection
 Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
 (As poisonous-tongued, as handed) hath prevailed
 On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No.
 She's punished for her truth; and undergoes,
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
 As would take in some virtue.—O my master!
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
 Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
 Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,

So much as this fact comes to? *Do't; the letter*

[Reading.

*That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.—O damned paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.*

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O learned indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contained relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Blessed be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reads.

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his
dominions, could not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest
of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take
notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven. What
your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he
wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and
your, increasing in love,* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven; read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st—
O let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind—O not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond) say, and speak thick;
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is

To this same blessed Milford. And, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven. But, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
 And our return to excuse.—But first, how get hence:
 Why should excuse be born or e'er begot!
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
 Could never go so slow. I have heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i' the clock's behalf.—But this is foolery.—
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
 She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
 A riding-suit; no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;
 Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
 Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys. This gate
 Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
 To a morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs
 Are arched so high, that giants may jet through
 And keep their impious turbans on, without
 Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
 We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder l'vers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yon hill;
 Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,

That it is place which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a brabe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncrossed: no life to ours.

Gwi. Out of your proof you speak. We, poor unfledged,
Have never winged from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age; but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing.
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat.
Our valor is, to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honor; which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure.—O boys, this story
The world may read in me. My body's marked

With Roman swords; and my report was once
 First with the best of note. Cymbeline loved me;
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off. Then was I as a tree,
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
 A storm or robbery. call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
 And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favor!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
 Before my perfect honor, swore to Cymbeline,
 I was confederate with the Romans. So,
 Followed my banishment; and, this twenty years,
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world;
 Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
 More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
 This is not hunters' language.—He that strikes
 The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
 To him the other two shall minister;
 And we will fear no poison, which attends
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
 These boys know little they are sons to the king;
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
 They think they are mine; and, though trained up thus
 meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
 The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
 The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
 The king, his father, called Guiderius,—Jove!
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
 Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
 (Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
 His own conceiving. Hark! the game is roused!—
 O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience knows,

Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her grave.
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan called,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the
place
Was near at hand. Ne'er longed my mother so
To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a 'havior of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damned Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdained of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonor, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
 Whose edge, is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
 Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
 Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
 All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
 Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
 This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
 To break it with a fearful dream of him,
 And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
 Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo,
 Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
 Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
 Thy favor's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
 Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him.
 Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
 And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
 I must be ripped:—to pieces with me!—O,
 Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
 Put on for villany; not born, where't grows;
 But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True, honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
 Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
 From most true wretchedness. So thou, Posthumus,
 Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
 Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjured,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
 Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him,
 A little witness my obedience. Look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
 Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.
 Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis.

Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo

Why, I must die;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
Something's afore't. Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betrayed
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
Will then be panged by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch.
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I received command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labor?
The time inviting thee, the perturbed court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have considered of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak,
I have heard. I am a strumpet; and mine ear,

Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis.

Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

Imo.

Most like;

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis.

Not so, neither;

But if I were as wise as honest, then,

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,

But that my master is abused;

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,

Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis.

No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him

Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded

I should do so. You shall be missed at court,

And that will well confirm it.

Imo.

Why, good fellow,

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am

Dead to my husband?

Pis.

If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado

With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;

That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me

As fearful as a siege.

Pis.

If not at court,

Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo.

Where then?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,

Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;

In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think

There's livers out of Britain.

Pis.

I am most glad

You think of other place. The ambassador,

Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven

To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mind

Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise

That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,

But by self-danger; you should tread a course

Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near

The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,

That though his actions were not visible, yet

Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point.
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laborsome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay be brief.
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
(Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them. Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honorable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away;
There's more to be considered; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being missed, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualmed at land, a dram of this

Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood;—may the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo.

Amen; I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so, farewell.

Luc.

Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,

Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc.

So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honor in no point omit.—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc.

Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc.

Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner; fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have crossed the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and Lords.]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honors us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo.

'Tis all the better
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness.
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen.

'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,

Where is our daughter ? She hath not appeared
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty :
We have noted it.— Call her before us : for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[Exit an Attendant.

Queen.

Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been ; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her ; she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all locked; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She prayed me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrained by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wished me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors locked?
Not seen of late? Grant, Heavens, that which I
Fear, prove false!

[Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.

[Exit CLOTEN.

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine. I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her;
Or, winged with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is
To death or to dishonor; and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled;
Go in, and cheer the king. He rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen.*]

Clo. I love and hate her; for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favors on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is choked; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have the secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she missed?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting. Satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all worthy lord!

Clo. All worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish. } *Aside.*
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou
wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo
those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee,
with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid
thee do, to perform it directly, and truly,—I would think
thee an honest man. Thou shouldst neither want my means
for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and con-
stantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar
Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be
a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand: here's my purse. Hast any of
thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he
wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither;
let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven.—I forgot to ask him
one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even there, thou villain,
Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were
come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now
belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of
Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural per-
son, together with the adornment of my qualities. With
that suit upon my back, will I ravish her. First kill him,
and in her eyes, there shall she see my valor, which will
then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my
speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when
my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will exe-
cute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock
her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me re-
joicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee; the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. *[Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss; for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be crossed with slowness; labor be his meed! *[Exit.*

SCENE VI. *Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one. I have tired myself; and for two nights together I have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio showed thee, Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord! Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee, My hunger's gone; but even before, I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this? Here is a path to it. 'Tis some savage hold: I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine, Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant. Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here? If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,



Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good Heavens! [*She goes into the cave*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman, and
Are master of the feast. Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match.
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savory. Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restie sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have killed be cooked.

Bel. Stay; come not in.
[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not.
Before I entered here, I called; and thought
To have begged, or bought, what I have took. Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strewed i' the floor. Here's money for my meat.
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted,
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckoned, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arr. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother;—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers!—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. } *Aside.*

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free't!

Arr. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience sealed them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes.)
Could not outpeer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so;
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.

Imc. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Rome.

Enter two Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul; and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen.

Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen.

With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant. The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forcst, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, (saving reverence of the word,) for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer: in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not

beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well; [*To IMOGEN;*] remain here in the cave.

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arrv.

Brother, stay here:

[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

Imo.

So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting. I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not; yet I am not well;

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick. So please you leave me;

Stick to your journal course, the breach of custom

Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me

Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort

To one not sociable. I'm not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here.

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,

Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it.

How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

Bel.

What? how? how?

Arrv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault. I know not why

I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside*
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. Your health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what
lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court;
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick.—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field.—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever. [*Exit IMOGEN.*
This youth, howe'er distressed, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in cha-
racters;

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh; as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly

From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mocked me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws.—Hence.

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.]

Clo. Soft! what are you
That fly me thus? Some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave, without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear—the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. *[Exeunt, fighting]*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell. Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favor
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them.
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in't. Not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none:
Yet, I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head;
Son to the queen, after his own report;

Who called me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where, (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take—our lives? The law
Protects not us; then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humor
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frensy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering. Then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it; howsoever,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day; the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him. I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten.
That's all I reck.

[*Exit.*

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged;
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valor
Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,

Thou hast robbed me of this deed. I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done;—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks. I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him. To gain his color,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
And praise myself for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned; honor untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valor,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring to us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music.

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? Since death of my dear'st
mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter AVIRAGUS bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arr. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbor in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made? but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arr. Stark, as you see.
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laughed at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arr. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued. I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps.
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath. The ruddock would
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;

And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so.

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that. Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great ;
 Thou are past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak.
 The sceptre, learning, physic must
 All follow this, and come to dust.*

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning flash.
 Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
 Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;
 Arv. Thou hast finished joy and moan.
 Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee !
 Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !
 Both. Quiet consummation have ;
 And renowned be thy grave.*

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies ; come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers, but about midnight, more ;
 The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,
 Are strewings fit'st for graves.—Upon their faces :
 You were as flowers, now withered ; even so
 These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
 Come on, away ; apart upon our knees.
 The ground, that gave them first, has them again ;
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BEL., GUI., and ARV.*

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven ; which is
 the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
 'Ods pitikins ! Can it be six miles yet?

I have gone all night.—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
 But, soft ! no bedfellow ;—O gods and goddesses !

[*Seeing the body.*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;
 This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream ;
 For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so,
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules; but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee!—Thou,
Conspired with that irregularous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damned Pisanio—
Hath with his forged letters,—damned Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? ah me! where's that?
Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio!
'Tis he and Cloten; malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home;
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's! O!—
Give color to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us. O my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrisoned in Gallia,
After your will, have crossed the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships.
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirred up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be mustered; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dreamed, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods showed me a vision,
(I fast, and prayed, for their intelligence,) thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanished in the sunbeams; which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath altered that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters; I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth,
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same.
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,

Thou shalt be so well mastered; but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strewed his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties. Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave. Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferred
By thee to us; and he shall be interred,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes;
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger;—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me, her son gone,
So needful for this present. It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours;
I humbly set it at your will. But for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;

I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy. [*To PISANIO.*
Does yet depend.

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amazed with matter.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange.
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplexed in all. The Heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be cleared;
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steered. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel.

Let us from it,

Arr. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must, or for Britons slay us; or receive us.

For barbarous and unnatural revolts,
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going; newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not mustered
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have lived; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death,
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arr. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quartered fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army; many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; ay, hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army.
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.

Arr. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither. What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever looked on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blessed beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By Heavens, I'll go!
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,

I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arr. So say I; amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My cracked one to more care. Have with you, boys;
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie.
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Aside.*
Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wished
Thou shouldst be colored thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little?—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's shrift.
But Imogen is your own. Do your best wills,
And make me blessed to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom. 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good Heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant So I'll fight

Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valor in me, than my habits show.
Gods put the strength of the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army, at the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood. I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honors, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.

Gui. Arr. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwinked.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turned strangely; or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the Heavens fought. The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touched, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was dammed
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthened shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditched, and walled with turf,
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country:—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
*Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown; stand, stand.*—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which would have turned
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renewed; that some, turned coward
But by example, (O, a sin in war,

Damned in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stooped eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need; having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chased by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
Those that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance.

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it. You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell, you are angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honors
To have saved their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charmed,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck. Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him;
For being now a favorer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be

Britons must take. For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken.
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answered him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have pecked them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note; bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AR-
VIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The Captains
present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over
to a Jailer: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV. *A Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Jailers.

1 *Jail.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks
upon you;

So graze as you find pasture.

2 *Jail.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Jailers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fettered
More than my shanks and wrists. You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free forever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired, more than constrained; to satisfy,

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.
 I know you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third.
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire.
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coined it,
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake.
 You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*]

Solemn music. Enter, as an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies;
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I died, whilst in the womb he staid
 Attending nature's law.
 Whose father, then, (as men report,
 Thou orphans' father art,)
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes;
 That from me was Posthumus ripped,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserved the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he

That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be

In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mocked,
To be exiled and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honor to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline performed.
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourned
The graces, for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turned?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help;
Or we, poor ghosts, will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you, ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,

Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppressed;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delayed, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reigned at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stooped, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blessed fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes; he is entered
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blessed,
Let us with care perform his great behest. [*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,
and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favor, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve.
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steeped in favors; so am I.
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers; let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As a good promise.

[*Reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown.*

without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Jailers.

Jail. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Jail. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Jail. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for the want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in trice; you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache. But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Jail. Your death has eyes in's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured. You must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell me

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Jail. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness? I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

Jail. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a jailer; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and Messenger.]

Jail. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them, too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good. O, there were desolation of jailers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepped before targe of proof, cannot be found.
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been searched among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are;—report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? You look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finished.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confessed she never loved you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorred your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,

By inches waste you. In which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendence, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; yes, in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; opened, in despite
Of Heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatched were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her. Yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war. The day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatened
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be called ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransomed; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurselike. Let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favor is familiar to me.—
Boy, thou hast looked thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, *Live, boy*; ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad.
And yet, I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
There's other work in hand. I see a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me;
He leaves me, scorns me; briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplexed?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master. Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles; that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike. Were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress; [*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad. [*CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To IACH.*] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honor, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrained to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accursed
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poisoned! or, at least,
Those which I heaved to head!) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swelled boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye;—

Cym. I stand on fire;
Come, to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we praised, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were cracked of kitchen trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold. Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wagered with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honored finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honor confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. Being thus quenched
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:
And, to be brief, my practice so prevailed,
That I returned with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post.

Ay, so thou dost,
[Coming forward.]

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send cut
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That killed thy daughter;—villain like, I lie;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't.—The temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me; every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her; she falls.*]

Pis. O gentlemen, help, help,
Mine, and your mistress.—O my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er killed Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honored lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison. Dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poisoned me.

Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confessed,
Which must approve thee honest. *If Pisanio*
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection,

*Which I gave him for a cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.*

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem. I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir.

[*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for't. [*To GUI. and ARV*]

Cym. My tears that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely. But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foamed at the mouth, and swore,
If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,

Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honor. What became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence. Pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and must
Endure our law. Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the Guard.*]
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arr. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three;
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arr. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then.—

By leave;—thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was called Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is

A banished traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assumed this age: indeed, a banished man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons!

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy. Here's my knee.
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banished.
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason: that I suffered,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty year
Have I trained up; those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment. I moved her to't;
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then. Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason; their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.

The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children;

If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius.
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapped
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise nature's end, in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more.—Blessed may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you called me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arr. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallowed.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how lived you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long intergatories. See,

Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
 Each object with a joy; the counterchange
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
 Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
 To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoyed,
 Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
 He would have well become this place, and graced
 The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then followed.—That I was he,
 Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
 Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again; [Kneeling
 But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
 As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
 Which I so often owe; but, your ring first;
 And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
 That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
 The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
 The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
 And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doomed.
 We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
 Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir,
 As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
 Joyed are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
 Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
 Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
 Appeared to me, with other spritely shows
 Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found

This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*; which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipped about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopped branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar joined; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom Heavens, in justice, (both on her and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman, General against the Goths*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People; and brother to Titus.*

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus the Tribune.*

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS, } *Sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse, and a Black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

The tomb of the Andronici appearing: the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers on the other; with drum and colors.

Saturninus. NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honors live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favorers of my right, —
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonor to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,

Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, trained up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath returned
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honor of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honor and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honor thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favor,
Commit my cause in balance to be weighed.

[*Exeunt the followers of* BASSIANUS.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favor of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the followers of* SATURNINUS.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt
with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter a Captain and others.*

Cap. Romans, make way; the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honor and with fortune is returned,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS; after them two men bearing a coffin covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The bearers set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weighed her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The tomb is opened.]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren.—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son;
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughtered in the streets
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice.
To this your son is marked; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consumed.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that armed the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favor Tamora, the queen of Goths,

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,) To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have performed Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopped, And entrails feed the sacrificing fire, Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky. Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren, And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.*]
In peace and honor, rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honor rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honor live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome.
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, and others.

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance, in honor's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness.
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipped to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honor thee, and will do till I die.
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honorable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you! and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal.
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honorable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honored of your grace.
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord.
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honor's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To TAMORA.*

To him that for your honor and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome;
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes. Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go;
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*]

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice;
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surprised.

Sat. Surprised! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betrothed from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.*]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit.

What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome!

[*TIT. kills MUT.*]

Mut.

Help, Lucius, help.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonor me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful, promised love.

[*Exit.*]

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock.
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous, haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonor me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine! Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begged the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourished for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered.
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS and his followers; TAMORA,
and her sons; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonored thus, and challenged of wrong.

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Mar. O Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonored all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified.
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls;—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honor thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[MARCUS and the sons of TITUS kneel.]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barred his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.—
The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonored by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him. and bury me the next.

[MUTIUS is put into the tomb.]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not then beholden to the man
That brought her for this high, good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. *Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended;
TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: at the other,
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have played your prize;
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile, I am possessed of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir. You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only this much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honor wronged;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath,
To be controlled in that he frankly gave.
Receive him then to favor, Saturnine;
That hath expressed himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonored me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge
How I have loved and honored Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What! madam! be dishonored openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonor you!

But, on mine honor, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents.

You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part
And so supplant us for ingratitude,

(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.

I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;

And make them know, what 'tis to make a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

Come, come, sweet emperor,—Come, Andronicus,
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevailed.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord;
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honor, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.—

For you, prince Bassianus, I have passed
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—

And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to Heaven, and to his highness,

} *Aside*

That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendering our sister's honor, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honor here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends.
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amercous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,

Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am graced;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate.
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! These lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonored in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonor here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved,—

Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broached,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice,
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved;
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know.
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch, or so,
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools.

To square for this? Would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Chi. I' faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,

So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar. ✓
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve;
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop.
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany.
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words;
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears.
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadowed from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance.*

Horns, and cry of hounds heard. Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.,* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green.

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the emperor's person carefully.
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

*Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BAS-
 SIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—
 Madam, to you as many and as good!—
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you.

Lav. I say, no;
 I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then, horse and chariots let us have,
 And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see
 Our Roman hunting. [*To TAMORA.*

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
 And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
 But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A desert Part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
 To bury so much gold under a tree,
 And never after to inherit it.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
 Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villany;
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,

[*Hides the gold*
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checkered shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once—
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise.
And—after conflict, such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoyed,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet, melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus.
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more; we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes.

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress
Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honor of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestered from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steed,
And wandered hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colored love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good king! to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'ticed me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale, you see, it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they showed me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they called me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth called my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* BASSANIUS

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw;
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness;
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now, perforce, we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam. Let it be your glory
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?
O, do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee.
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble ;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [*To CHIRON.*

Chi. What ! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark :
Yet I have heard, (O, could I find it now !)
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests.
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee ; for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Had thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I poured forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will ;
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be called a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place.
For 'tis not life, that I have begged so long ;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then ? Fond woman, let me go

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body.
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee ;
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah, beastly creature !
The blot and enemy to our general name !
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband; [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*
Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before.
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS *falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is covered with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distilled on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them
here;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit* AARON.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise.
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit;
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me.—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leaped into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest.
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads.*] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;

Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree,

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,

Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree;

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out

That should have murdered Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Showing it.*]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To TIT.*] fell curs of bloody
kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devised

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—

Accursed, if the fault be proved in them,—

Sat. If it be proved! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord. Yet let me be their bail;

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murdered body, some the murderers.

Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V. *The same.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished;
her hands cut off, and tongue cut out.*

Dem. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravished thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern, ungentle hands
Have lopped, and hewed, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in;
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love! Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirred with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee;
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? Shall I say, 'tis so?

O that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sewed her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sewed than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touched them for his life;
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropped his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragment meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watched;
And for these bitter tears which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,

Because they died in honor's lofty bed.

For these, good tribunes, in the dust I write

[*Throwing himself on the ground.*

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;

My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,

That shall distil, from these two ancient urns,

Than youthful April shall with all his showers.

In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;

In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,

So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;

And let me say, that never wept before,

My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain;

The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;

And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, tis no matter, man; if they did hear,

They would not mark me; oh, if they did hear,

They would not pity me.

Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones;

Who, though they cannot answer my distress,

Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale.

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;

And, were they but attired in grave weeds,

Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not;

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;

For which attempt, the judges have pronounced

My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,

That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine. How happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break!

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?

Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use;
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyred thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabbed them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet, melodious bird, it sung
Sweet, varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath received some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he killed me dead.
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environed with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banished man;
And here, my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,—
It would have madded me; what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyred thee.
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her.
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gathered lily almost withered.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they killed her husband;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stained, like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And make a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? Let us, that have our tongues,
P'ot some device of further misery,
To make us wondered at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece;—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drowned it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs.
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king. He, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand.

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn;
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reared aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O, none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By Heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such withered herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both.

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be called deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so;—

But I'll deceive you in another sort, [*Aside.*

And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is despatched.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand.

Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee;—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villany [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[*To LAVINIA.*

Do then, dear heart; for Heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swollen face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth.
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflowed and drowned.
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mocked;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit*

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses him*

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery. Die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads;
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banished son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs;
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? It fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed.

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears;
 Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me;
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
 Till all these mischiefs be returned again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.
 Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
 You heavy people, circle me about;
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
 And in this hand the other will I bear.
 Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
 As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
 The wofull'st man that ever lived in Rome!
 Farewell, proud Rome! Till Lucius come again,
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud Saturninus and his empress
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Room in Titus's House. A banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit; and look, you eat no more
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs! [*To LAVINIA.*
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl; kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this;—
Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyred signs;—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brewed with her sorrows, meshed upon her cheeks.
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers;
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter, deep laments,
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have killed, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloyed with view of tyranny.
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but killed a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender, gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor, harmless fly!
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast killed him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black, ill-favored fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I killed him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me.
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same. Before Titus's House.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS,
LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.--

Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
 Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius;—somewhat doth she mean:
 See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee;
 Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
 Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
 Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
 Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her;
 For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
 Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
 And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
 Ran mad through sorrow. That made me to fear;
 Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
 Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
 And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
 Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;
 Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt;
 And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
 I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS
 has let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
 Some book there is that she desires to see.—
 Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
 But thou art deeper read, and better skilled;
 Come, and take choice of all my library,
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
 Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.—
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one
 Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was.—
 Or else to Heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
 My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
 Perhaps she culled it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves!

Help her;—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of 'Terens' treason, and his rape;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravished and wronged, as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthiess, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,

(O, had we never, never hunted there!)

Patterned by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but
friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed;

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here:—Look here, Lavinia.

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,

This after me, when I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

*[He writes his name with his staff, and guides
it with his feet and mouth.]*

Cursed be that heart, that forced us to this shift!—

Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,

What God will have discovered for revenge!

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!

*[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it
with her stumps, and writes.]*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,*

Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,

And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,
And father of that chaste, dishonored dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware.
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory.
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and, withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Mar. O Heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his battered shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door; at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honors from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods confound you both. [*Aside.*

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius; what's the news?

Boy. That you are both deciphered, that's the news,
For villains marked with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please you,
My grandsire well advised hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory,
To gratify your honorable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see;

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well.
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it,
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass,
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their
guilt;

And sends the weapons wrapped about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick,
But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate,
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.

[*Aside. Flourish*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a black-a-moor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords;

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;
She is delivered, lords, she is delivered.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she's brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest? What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone

Woe to her chance, and damned her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point;
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up,
[*Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws.*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my cimeter's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue;

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the emperess from me, I am of age

To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigor, and the picture of my youth.

This, before all the world, do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is forever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears;
Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad framed of another leer.

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprisoned were,
He is enfranchised and come to light.

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice;
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you;
Keep there. Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords. When we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else, but the delivered empress.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself.
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away;
Go to the empress; tell her, this I said;— [*Stabbing her.*]
Weke weke!—So cries a pig, prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou
this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongued, babbling gossip? No, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords, ye see, that I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI., bearing off the Nurse*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipped slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts.
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A public Place.*

Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of
them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gen-
tlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—kinsmen, this is the way;—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit;
Be you remembered, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land.—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth.
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you deliver him this petition.
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearched;

This wicked emperor may have shipped her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humor kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters? What,
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.
Marry, for Justice, she is so employed,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or some where else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-boned men, framed of the Cyclop's size:
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you.—Here, *ad Apollinem*.—

Ad Martem, that's for myself;—

Here, boy, to Pallas;—here, to Mercury;

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid.

O' my word, I have written to effect;

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court;
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,
Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord. When Publius shot,
The bull, being galled, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laughed, and told the Moor, he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes; God give your lordship joy.

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? He says, that he hath
taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged
till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with
him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? Alas, sir, I never came there. God
forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young
days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal
plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and
one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your
oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor
from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor
with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor;
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold;—meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when
you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel;
then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then
look for your reward; I'll be at hand, sir. See you do it
bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go;—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords,
and others; SATURNINUS with the arrows in his hand
that TITUS shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of equal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath passed,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelmed his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress.
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons.

Whose loss hath pierced him deep, and scarred his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all. [Aside.
But, Titus, I have touched thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out; if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? Wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den.—I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here.

[*SAT. reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end.

[*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villany?

I know from whence this same device proceeds;

May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butchered wrongfully.—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honor, shall shape privilege.

For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughterman;

Sly, frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great.

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gathered head; and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head,

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often overheard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man,)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wished that Lucius was their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? Is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favor Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succor him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimmed, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador; [To ÆMIL.
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honorably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[Exit ÆMILIUS.]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS and Goths, with drum and colors.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honorable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,—
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his arms.

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controlled with this discourse:—
Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor;
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe—
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this my weapon drawn, I rushed upon him,

Surprised him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
That robbed Andronicus of his good hand.
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

*[A ladder is brought, which AARON is obliged
to ascend.]*

Aar. Lucius, save the child;
And bear it from me to the emperess.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear.
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourished.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason; villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously performed.
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—
Therefore I urge thy oath.—For that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears;

To that I'll urge him.—Therefore, thou shalt vow,
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O, most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murdered Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue and ravished her,
And cut her hands, and trimmed her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was washed, and cut, and trimmed; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them!
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learned of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I trained thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay.
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mentioned,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I played the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter
I pried me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laughed so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill;
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digged up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved, in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius; what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you, princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,—
And they shall be immediately delivered.

1 *Goth.* What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock*

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side, where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves;
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the wagon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy ministers? what are they called?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.

[*Exit* TITUS, from above]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy;
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brainsick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too;—

How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—

For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil;
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that hath done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lessoned us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the emperor and the empress too

Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord, the emperor,
How I have governed our determined jest?
Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair, [*Aside.*
And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'erreach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hellhounds and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus. Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAMORA.*

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employed?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. Th' empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS. PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on
CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *she bearing a basin, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound;—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stained with mud.
This goodly summer with your winter mixed.
You killed her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemned to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrained and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin, that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains. I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallowed dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged.
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come.

[He cuts their throats.

Receive the blood; and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.

SCENE III. *The same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That you repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings;
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallowed slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt* Goths, with AARON. *Flourish.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators,
and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordained to an honorable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome.
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young
LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stained, and defloured?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind!

Tit. Killed her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was;
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravished? tell, who did the deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius.
They ravished her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The
People in confusion disperse. MARCUS,
LUCIUS, and their partisans, ascend the
steps before TITUS's house.*

Mar. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar severed, like a flight of fowl

Scattered by winds and high, tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Sen. Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*To LUCIUS;*] as erst our
 ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To lovesick Dido's sad, attending ear,
The story of that baleful, burning night,
When subtle Greeks surprised king Priam's Troy.
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitched our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance; even i' the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain; let him tell the tale:
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despised; and basely cozened
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out.
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turned weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drowned their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
And I am the turned-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.

Alas! you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft; methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child,

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damned as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal
emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;

[*To an Attendant.*

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful, slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious
governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans. May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,

For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof,—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale, cold lips,

[*Kisses* **TITUS**

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stained face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire loved thee well;
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature does require it so.
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants with AARON.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food.
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fastened in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done to Aaron, that damned Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*

PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*

HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }

SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*

CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*

CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*

THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*

PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*

LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.* Marshal.

A Pander and his Wife. BOULT, *their Servant.*

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.

DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*

THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*

MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.* DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE, *dispersedly in various countries.*

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER. Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say;)
This king unto him took a pheere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As Heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke.
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom what they did begin,

Was, with long use, account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bedfellow,
In marriage-pleasures playfellow;
Which to prevent, he made a law
(To keep her still, and men in awe,)
That whoso asked her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life.
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I. Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Imboldened with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [Music

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reigned,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,)
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparelled like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever rased, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To corapass such a boundless happiness!

Ant Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard.
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must.
For death remembered, should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will, then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, mayst thou prove prosperous!
In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[*He reads the Riddle.*]

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labor
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I, mother, wife, and yet his child.*

*How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last. But O you powers!
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess*
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill.
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, fingered to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
But, being played upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated, is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copped hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is thronged
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first beings bred;
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the
meaning;—
But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,

We might proceed to cancel of your days;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
 Forty days longer we do respite you;
 If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son;
 And until then, your entertain shall be,
 As doth befit our honor, and your worth.

[*Exeunt* ANT., *his* Daughter, *and* Attend.]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
 When what is done is like a hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
 Where now you're both a father and a son,
 By your untimely claspings with your child,
 (Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;) *And*
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame;
 Then, lest my life be cropped to keep you clear,
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
 To have his head.
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
 In such a loathed manner.
 And therefore instantly this prince must die:
 For by his fall my honor must keep high.
 Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
 Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;

And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold.
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
 'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.
 Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Ant. As thou
 Wilt live, fly after; and, as an arrow, shot
 From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
 His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
 Unless thou say, *Prince Pericles is dead.*

Thal. My lord, if I
 Can get him once within my pistol's length,
 I'll make him sure; so farewell to your highness. [*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
 My heart can lend no succor to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. Tyre. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us; why should this change of
 thought?

The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
 By me so used a guest is, not an hour,
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
 (The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet!
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
 And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
 Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by misdeed,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
 And so with me; the great Antiochus
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,

Since he's so great, can make his will his act)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say, I honor him,
If he suspect I may dishonor him.
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquished, ere they do resist,
And subjects punished, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the top of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him;
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us; what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer.
I thank thee for it; and high Heaven forbid,

That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then. I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seemed not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seemed my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years.
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence;
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to
speak,
Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who, either by public war, or private treason,

Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,

Till that his rage and anger be forgot,

Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;

And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,

On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;

Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Tyre. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home; 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,

Further to question of your king's departure.

His sealed commission, left in trust with me,

Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone!

[*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,

Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,

He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch?

[*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)

Took some displeasure at him ; at least he judged so ;
 And doubting lest that he had erred or sinned,
 To show his sorrow, would correct himself ;
 So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
 With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive

[*Aside.*

I shall not be hanged now, although I would ;
 But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
 He scaped the land, to perish on the seas.—
 But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre !

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come,

With message unto princely Pericles ;
 But, since my landing, as I have understood
 Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
 My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
 Commended to our master, not to us.

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—

As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. Tharsus. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
 And by relating tales of others' griefs,
 See if 'twill teach us to forget our own ?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it ;
 For who digs hills because they do aspire,
 Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.
 O my distressed lord, even such our griefs ;
 Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
 But like to groves, being topped, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
 Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
 Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish ?
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
 Into the air ; our eyes do weep, till lungs
 Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ; that,
 If the gods slumber, while their creatures want,
 They may awake their helps to comfort them.
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
 And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,

A city on whom Plenty held full hand,
(For riches strewed herself even in the streets,) Whose towers bore heads so high, they kissed the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wondered at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorned,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorned, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what Heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise.
Those palates, who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it.
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighboring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours. Some neighboring nation,

Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuffed these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags displayed, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favorers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him untutored to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [Exit

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor,—for so we hear you are,—
Let not our ships, and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fired, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets!
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuffed within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starved, half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love;
And harborage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of Heaven and men succeed their evils;
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,
Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath passed necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
(To whom I give my benizon,)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Gild his statue to make it glorious.
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter, at one door, PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane, that staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labors; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre;
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease.
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrecked and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost;

All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad;
And here he comes: what shall be next,—
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text. [Exit.

SCENE I. Pentapolis. *An open Place by the Sea-side*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Washed me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death.
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave.
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche!

2 *Fish.* Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpoise, how he bounced and tumbled? They say they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea; to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold. My veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now, gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holydays, fish for fasting-days, and, moreover, puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? Then I'll turn craver, too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labor!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for — his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armor.

Per. An armor, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself; And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) *Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace;) For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity, The which the gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.* It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;

Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calmed, have given it again;
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 *Fish*. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee
good on't!

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that
made up this garment through the rough seams of the
waters; there are certain condolences, certain vails. I
hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you
had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 *Fish*. We'll sure provide. Thou shalt have my best
gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court
myself.

Per. Then honor be but a goal to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II. *The same. A public Way, or Platform, leading to the lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,

In honor of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which Heaven makes like to itself.
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honor, daughter, to explain
The labor of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honor, I'll perform

*Enter a Knight: he passes over the stage, and his Squire
presents his shield to the Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes.*

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an armed knight, that's conquered by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*
[*The third Knight passes.*

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third, of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[*The fourth Knight passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

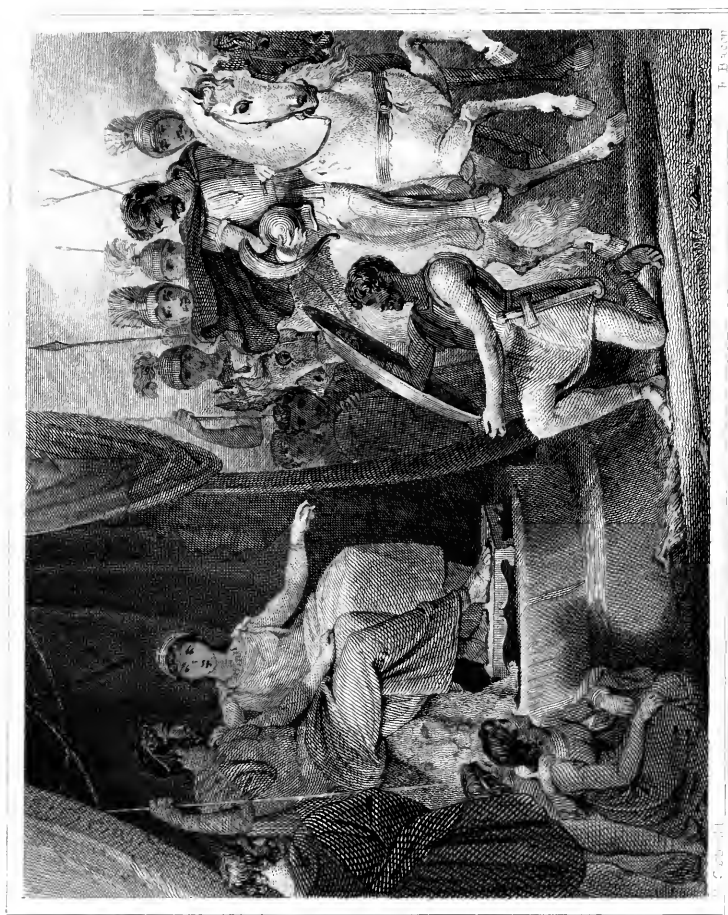
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes.*

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight
himself
With such a graceful courtesy delivered?



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Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A withered branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock, than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honoured triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armor rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.*

SCENE III. *The same. A Hall of State.
A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast;
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labored scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place;
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honored much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honor we love,
For who hates honor, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavory, wishing him my meat;
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but

A country gentleman.

He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glowworm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink his health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile;

Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter.

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honor them; and princes, not doing so,

Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but killed
Are wondered at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

[*Aside.*

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;)
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels.
Even in your armors, as you are addressed,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well asked, 'twas so well performed.

Come, sir,

Here is a lady that wants breathing too;
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied
 [The Knights and Ladies dance.
 Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
 Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well;
 But you the best. [To PERICLES.] Pages and lights, conduct
 These knights unto their several lodgings. Yours, sir,
 We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
 For that's the mark I know you level at.
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
 To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
 Antiochus from incest lived not free;
 For which, the most high gods not minding longer,
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
 Due to this heinous, capital offence,
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
 In a chariot of inestimable value,
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivelled up
 Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
 That all those eyes adored them ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar Heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
 Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

2 *Lord.* Follow me, then. Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome. Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
 And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord*. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure;
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honor's cause; forbear your suffrages;
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you
To forbear choice i' the absence of your king;
If in which time expired, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord*. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavor it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter; the Knights meet him.

1 *Knight*. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight*. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
And on her virgin honor will not break it.

3 *Knight*. Though loath to bid farewell, we take our
leaves. [Exeunt.]

Sim. So,
They're well despatched; now to my daughter's letter.
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger-knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
Mistress, 'tis well; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well. Nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delayed.
Soft, here he comes;—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night. My ears,
I do protest, were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of
My daughter?

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair, too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here?

A letter that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtlety to have my life. [Aside.]

O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord,
A stranger, and distressed gentleman,
That never aimed so high, to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honor her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitched my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be the king)
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
[*Aside.*

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relished of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honor's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove his honor's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter; she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad.

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame you;
I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections on a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know to the contrary,
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*
Hear, therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,—
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be ruled by me,
Or I will make you—man and wife.—
Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—
And being joined, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gower. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
 No din but snores, the house about,
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
 The cat with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
 And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
 As the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants: a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices; she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch
 Of Pericles the careful search
 By the four opposing coignes,
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made with all due diligence,
 That horse, and sail, and high expense,
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
 To the court of king Simonides
 Are letters brought; the tenor these:
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead:
 The men of Tyrus, on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre; but he will none.
 The mutiny there he hastes t' oppress;
 Says to them, if king Pericles
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,

Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis.
 Y-ravished the regions round,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king;
Who dreamed, who thought of such a thing?
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre;
 His queen, with child, makes her desire,
 (Which, who shall cross?) along to go;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe;) Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
 Varies again; the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and, well-a-need!
 Doth fall in travail with her fear;
 And what ensues in this fell storm
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I will relate; action may
 Conveniently the rest convey;
 Which might not what by me is told.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having called them from the deep! O, still thy deafening
 Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble
 Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
 How does my queen!—Thou storm, thou! venomously
 Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
 Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
 Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida——

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing
Too young for such a place, who if it had
Conceit, would die as I am like to do.
Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honor with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustering birth had never babe.
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou art the rudeliest welcomed to this world,
Than e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and spit thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow
kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works
high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be
cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath been

observed; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire. The unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffined, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her; suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* Lychorida.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, calked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say, what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return:

There's nothing can be ministered to nature,
 That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
 And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON
*[Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who had
 been shipwrecked.]*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
 Shook, as the earth did quake;
 The very principals did seem to rend,
 And all to topple; pure surprise and fear
 Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
 'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
 Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
 Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
 It is most strange,
 Nature should be so conversant with pain,
 Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I held it ever,
 Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches. Careless heirs
 May the two latter darken and expend;
 But immortality attends the former,
 Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever
 Have studied physic, through which secret art,
 By turning o'er authorities, I have
 (Together with my practice) made familiar
 To me and to my aid, the blest infusions
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
 And I can speak of the disturbances
 That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
 A more content in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honor has through Ephesus poured forth
 Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
 Your creatures, who by you have been restored;

And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter two Servants, with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest;

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down; let's look on it.

2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

It is a good constraint of fortune, that

It belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis calked and bitumed!—

Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As tossed it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open;
Soft, soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odor.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.

O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entreaured
With bags of spices full! A passport too!

Apollo, perfect me i' the characters! [*Unfolds a scroll.*

Here I give to understand,

[*Reads.*

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;

She was the daughter of a king;

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanced to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;

For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;
 Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
 Death may usurp on nature many hours,
 And yet the fire of life kindle again
 The overpressed spirits. I have heard
 Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
 By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
 The rough and woful music that we have,
 Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
 The vial once more;—how thou stirrest, thou block!
 The music there.—I pray you, give her air.—
 Gentlemen,
 This queen will live. Nature awakes; a warmth
 Breathes out of her; she hath not been entranced
 Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
 Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The Heavens, sir,
 Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
 Your fame forever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
 Which Pericles hath lost,
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
 The diamonds of a most praised water
 Appear, to make the world twice rich. O, live,
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
 Rare as you seem to be! *[She moves.]*

Thai. O dear Diana,
 Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbors;
 Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
 Get linen; now this matter must be looked to,
 For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
 And Æsculapius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.]

SCENE III. Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and MARINA

Per. Most honored Cleon, I must needs be gone;
 My twelve months are expired, and Tyros stands
 In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,

Take from my heart all thankfulness! the gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O, your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her
hither,
To have blessed mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Mannered as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honor all,
Unscissored shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the masked Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears;
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.**Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipped at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.*Enter GOWER.*

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon trained
In music, letters; who hath gained
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,

Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be;
Be't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needl wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina; so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vic feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content;
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*SCENE I. Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.**Enter* DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it;
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love, thy bosom
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which

Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here
Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favor's changed
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
Give me your wreath of flowers. Ere the sea mar it,
Walk forth with Leonine; the air is quick there,
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here; when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.

Leon I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood.
What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—
[*Exit* DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried, *Good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born.

Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvass-climber. *Ha!* says one, *wilt out?*
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern; the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray! but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me killed?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly;
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favored, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought.

Good sooth, it showed well in you; do so now.
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [LEONINE runs away.]

2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have
her aboard suddenly. [Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go;
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravished, must by me be slain. [Exit.]

SCENE III. *Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of
gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being
too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We
have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can
do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay
for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every
trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true; 'tis not the bringing up of poor
bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But
shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong
wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true, they are too unwholesome o' con-

science. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[*Exit BOULT.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling.—But here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see. If you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt PANDER and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the color of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates (Not enough barbarous) had not overboard Thrown me, to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling; I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young, foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers. Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town; report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poisoned too!
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy feat; what can'st thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the impious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honorable courses.

Dion. Be it so, then;
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes. None would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well-loving, yet I find,
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,
Performed to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn; her monument
Is almost finished, and her epitaphs
In glittering, golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the monument of MARINA at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
short;

Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;
Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardoned, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gap to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus (think his pilot-thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter, at one door, PERICLES, with his Train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devoured,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershowered,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears

A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on MARINA'S monument.*
The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who withered in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she called; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallowed some part o' the earth.
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflowed,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the Heavens bestowed;
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.
No visor does become black villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady Fortune; while our scenes display
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit*

SCENE V. Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this,
she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you
ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses;
shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I
am out of the road of rutting, forever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her,
she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god
Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either

get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honor!

Boult. I am glad to see your honor in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honor knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to an anchor to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honor, give me leave; a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man.

[*To MAR., whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honorable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honor and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.*

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say you are of honorable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honor, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more; be sage.

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath placed me here within this loathsome sty,
Where, since I came, diseases hath been sold
Dearer than physic,—O, that the good gods
Would set me free from this unhallowed place,

Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air.

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dreamed thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had altered it. Hold, here's gold for thee;
Perséver still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savor vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,
It shall be for thy good.

[As *LYSIMACHUS* is putting up his purse,
BOULT enters.

Boult. I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[Exit *LYSIMACHUS*.

Boult. How's this. We must take another course with
you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a
breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall
undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.
Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the
common hangman shall execute it. Come your way.
We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your
ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken
holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O, abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession, as it were, to stink
afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up forever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a

nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boul't, take her away; use her at thy pleasure; crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boul't. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures; away with her. 'Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womankind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [Exit Bawd.

Boul't. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boul't. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boul't. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boul't. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or, rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change. Thou'rt the damned door-keeper to every coystrel, That hither comes inquiring for his tib. To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear Is liable; thy very food is such As hath been belched on by infected lungs.

Boul't. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman; Any of these ways are better yet than this: For that which thou professest, a baboon, Could he but speak, would own a name too dear. O that the gods would safely from this place Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee. If that thy master would gain aught by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast; And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee; if I can
place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them.
But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's
no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them
acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall
find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I
can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays.
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses:
Her inkle silk, twin with the rubied cherry;
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him on the sea. We there him lost;
Whence driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep; from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimmed with rich expense,
And to him in his barge with fervor hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark;
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discovered. Please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit*

SCENE I. *On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

[*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*

O, here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you
To greet them fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,
and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;

But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir.

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir. [*PERICLES discovered.*] This was
a goodly person,

Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafened parts,
Which now are midway stopped.

She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit*

Lord, in the barge of LYSIMACHUS.

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretched thus far, let us beseech you further,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it.—
But see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a Young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel.

A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assured she came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient
If that thy prosperous artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar.

Sir, I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffered to come near him.

Lys.

Come, let us leave her;

And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA *sings.*

Lys.

Marked he your music?

Mar. No, nor looked on us.*Lys.*

See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.—*Per.* Hum! ha!*Mar.*

I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on, like a comet. She speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [Aside

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine?—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per.

I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar.

No, nor of any shores;

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger; from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'Twould seem like lies disdained in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee, speak.
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crowned truth to dwell in. I'll believe thee;
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceived thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been tossed from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing, indeed,
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine considered, prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl; yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mocked,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?
And called Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
No motion? Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore called Marina?

Mar. Called Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? thy mother?—

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal. This cannot be;
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where were you
bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave;—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me; and having wooed
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an impostor. No, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,

Most wise in general. Tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honored sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys, rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
As thunder threatens us; this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drowned queen's name, (as in the rest thou hast
Been godlike perfect,) thou'rt the heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicanus,
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O Heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him

O'er point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres; list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music;

It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber

Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;

[*The curtain before the pavilion of PERICLES
is closed.*]

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendant Lady.]

SCENE II. *The same.*

PERICLES *on the deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him as
in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife;

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the life.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;

Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,

I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first. Toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—

[*To* HELICANUS.]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter GOWER, before the temple of DIANA, at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then done.
This, as my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade; whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feathered briefness sails are filled,
And wishes fall out as they're willed.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon
Is by your fancy's thankful boon.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the Altar, as High Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth

A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nursed with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favor!

You are—you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*

Per. What means the woman? She dies; help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoyed!
Early, one blustering morn, this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I oped the coffin, and
Found there rich jewels; recovered her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
And drowned.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted at Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your present
kindness
Makes my past miseries sport. You shall do well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to THAISA.*

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blessed and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I called the man?
I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus, then.

Per. Still confirmation.

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power; that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my loved Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touched,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him ! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days ;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [Exeunt.]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward.
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by Heaven, and crowned with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty ;
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honored name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them ; although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.
[Exit GOWER.]

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- ✓ LEAR, *King of Britain.*
- King of France. } *wanted Cordelia*
- Duke of Burgundy. }
- ✓ Duke of Cornwall. *Regan*
- Duke of Albany. *Edmund*
- Earl of Kent.
- ✓ Earl of Gloster.
- EDGAR, *Son to Gloster.*
- ✓ EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*
- CURAN, *a Courtier.*
- Old Man, *Tenant to Gloster.*
- Physician. Fool.
- ✓ OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*
- An Officer, *employed by Edmund.*
- Gentleman, *Attendant on Cordelia.*
- A Herald.
- Servants to Cornwall.

- ✓ GONERIL, } *Daughters to Lear.*
- ✓ REGAN, }
- ✓ CORDELIA, }

Knights *attending on the King*, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.

SCENE. Britain.

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I THOUGHT the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us; but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge. I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account. Though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent. Remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt GLOSTER and EDMUND.*]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose. Give me the map there.—Know that we have divided In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we, Unburthened, crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall, And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy, Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answered.—Tell me, my daughters, (Since we will now divest us, both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state,) Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon.

Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

[*Aside.*]

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this, With shadowy forests and with champains riched, With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart

I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*]
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferred on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interested: what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me; I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty.
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so,—thy truth then be thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,

Propinquity and property of blood,
 And as a stranger to my heart and me
 Hold thee, from this, forever. The barbarous Scythian,
 Or he that makes his generation messes
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
 Be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved,
 As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent.

Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
 I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!

[*To CORDELIA.*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—who stirs?
 Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
 With my two daughters' dowers digest this third;
 Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
 I do invest you jointly with my power,
 Preëminence, and all the large effects
 That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
 With reservation of a hundred knights,
 By you to be sustained, shall our abode
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
 The name, and all the additions to a king;
 The sway,
 Revenue, execution of the rest,
 Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
 This coronet part between you.

[*Giving the crown.*

Kent.

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honored as my king,
 Loved as my father, as my master followed,
 As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
 The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly,
 When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
 Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
 When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound,
 When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
 And, in thy best consideration, check
 This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment,
 Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
 Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
 Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear.

Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies, nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift,
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me!—

Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strained pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear;)—
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom. If, on the tenth day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king; since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To CORDELIA.*]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To REGAN and GONERIL.*]

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his own course in a country new. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivalled for our daughter. What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offered,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowered with our curse, and strangered with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[To FRANCE.

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favor! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouched affection
Fall into taint; which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,

No unchaste action, or dishonored step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor;
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing. I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon;
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect,
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France;
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unprized precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind;
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France. Let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again.—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL,
ALBANY, GLOSTER, and Attendants.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with washed eyes
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Cordelia leaves you; I know you what you are;
 And, like a sister, am most loath to call
 Your faults, as they are named. Use well our father;
 To your professed bosoms I commit him.
 But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study
 Be, to content your lord; who hath received you
 At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
 And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides;
 Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
 Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE and CORDELIA.]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most
 nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence
 to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month
 with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the obser-
 vation we have made of it hath not been little. He always
 loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath
 now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but
 slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but
 rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone
 the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but there-
 withal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric
 years bring with him.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from
 him, as of this Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between
 France and him. 'Pray you, let us hit together. If our
 father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears,
 this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.**Enter EDMUND, with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
 My services are bound. Wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
 The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
 With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
 Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
 More composition and fierce quality,
 Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got 'tween asleep and awake?—Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.
 Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
 As to the legitimate; fine word,—*legitimate!*
 Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
 And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
 Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper.
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banished thus! and France in choler parted!
 And the king gone to-night! subscribed his power!
 Confined to exhibition! All this done
 Upon the gad!—Edmund! how now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible despatch
 of it into your pocket? The quality of nothing hath not
 such need to hide itself. Let's see. Come, if it be nothing,
 I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter
from my brother, that I have not all o'erread; for so
much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your over-
looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue forever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar!—Humph—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him—you should enjoy half his revenue,—my son Edgar!—Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?*

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him.—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please ye to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

[*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom; I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. [This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father. The king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time; machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! *[Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behavior,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom

o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions!
Fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; [as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come;] when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. [I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go; there's my key.—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?]

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed. I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you. I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. 'Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—

Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.

SCENE III. *A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding
of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it;
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him: say, I am sick.—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question.
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
[Not to be overruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be used
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abused.]
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so.
[I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak.]—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course.—Prepare for dinner. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness.—Now, banished Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemned,

DESTROY

(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.
[*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou? W ho

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you—

[*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-poll

back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wronged.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness; I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. Go you, and call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave; you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away. If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away: go to. Have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes the Steward out.*]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving KENT money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—here's my coxcomb. [*Giving KENT his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favor; nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel. He must be whipped out, when lady, the brach, may stand by the fire, and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,— *own*
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest,
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, tell him so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To KENT.*

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. [No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counselled thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand.
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies, too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.]—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt. 'Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year, [Singing.
For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother; for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are.

They'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes one o' the parings. — *Daughter*

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue! so your face [*To GON.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.

That's a shealed peascod. [*Pointing to LEAR.*

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug? I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why, this is not Lear; does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied
—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it
that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow,——

Lear. [I would learn that; for by the marks of sove-
reignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded
I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.]

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favor
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright;
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires,
Men so disordered, so debauched, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn; epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desired
By her that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disordered rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O sir, are you come?
Is it your will? [*To ALB.*] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. 'Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest. [*To GONERIL*]
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!

Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of nature
 From the fixed place; drew from my heart all love,
 And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
 Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
 And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant,
 Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
 Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
 Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
 Into her womb convey sterility!
 Dry up in her the organs of increase;
 And from her derogate body never spring
 A babe to honor her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child!—Away! away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my follower's at a clap!
 Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am ashamed
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;

[*To GONERIL.*

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
 Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
 The untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
 And cast you with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
 Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off forever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. 'Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool
with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

Gon. [This man hath had good counsel;—a hundred
knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point, a hundred knights! Yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.] Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far;
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart;
What he hath uttered, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have showed the unfitness,—How now, Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse;
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attasked for want of wisdom,
Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes can pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then,—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *[Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly, for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stand i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldest make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, before thou hadst been wise

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet Heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentlemen.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.*

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I; 'pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!

My father hath set guard to take my brother;

And I have one thing, of a queasy question,

Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work!—

Brother, a word; descend.—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches.—O sir, fly this place;

Intelligence is given where you are hid;

You have now the good advantage of the night.—

Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the fight, i' the haste,

And Regan with him. Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me;—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you.—
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.
Yield;—come before my father;—light, ho, here!
Fly, brother:—Torches! torches!—So farewell.

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavor; I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants, with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he
could——

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit* Serv.] By
no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarmed spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far.

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—Despatch.—The noble duke, my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night;
By his authority I will proclaim it,

That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech,
I threatened to discover him. He replied,
*Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faithed? No; what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.*

Glo. Strong and fastened villain;
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

[*Trumpets within*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither
(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O madam, my old heart is cracked, is cracked!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam;
It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill-affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revénues.
I have this present evening from my sister

NOT
1: HED

Been well informed of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be feared of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-eyed night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize, — *weight*
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam;
Your graces are right welcome. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of the house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. 'Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

GONERIL - MOST VICIOUS
REGAN - LESS VICIOUS

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfeld, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good-service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago, since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, the moon shines; I'll make a son o' the moonshine of you. Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. *[Drawing his sword.]*

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal! you come with letters against the king; and take Vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks.—Draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. *[Beating him.]*

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

CORNWALL - VICIOUS

ALBANY - MEEK + KIND

Teeth

- HUMOURS -
(BLACK-BILL) = melancholy
JANGUINE = HAPPY

COWARD

Foppish

File -

Thou him

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent Ay, a tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel? 010

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared, At suit of his gray beard, — 200

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! — My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. — Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword, Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these, Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion That in the natures of their lords rebels; Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks With every gale and vary of their masters, As knowing nought, like dogs, but following. — A plague upon your epileptic visage! Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool? Goose, if I had you upon Sarum-plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo.

How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy, Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not. — I DON'T LIKE IT

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain; I have seen better faces in my time, Than stands on any shoulder that I see Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow, Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb, Quite from his nature. He cannot flatter, he! — An honest mind and plain, — he must speak truth. An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.

H play on words.

know +

These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbor more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn.

What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend
so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer. He that beguiled
you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my
part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to
entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew.

I never gave him any.

It pleased the king, his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripped me behind; being down, insulted, railed,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn.

Fetch forth the stocks, ho!

You stubborn, ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent.

Sir, I am too old to learn;
Call not your stocks for me. I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn.

Fetch forth the stocks;

As I've life and honor, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg.

Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same color
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so.

KNOW
FROM THE STOCKS

His fault is much, and the good king his master
 Will check him for't: your purposed low correction
 Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches
 For pilferings and most common trespasses,
 Are punished with; the king his master needs must take
 it ill,

That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
 Should have him thus restrained.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
 To have her gentleman abused, assaulted.

[KENT is put in the stocks.]

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt* REGAN and CORNWALL.]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
 Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
 Will not be rubbed, nor stopped; I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. 'Pray, do not, sir. I have watched, and travelled
 hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw!
 Thou out of Heaven's benediction com'st
 To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,
 That by thy comfortable beams I may
 Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
 But misery.—I know 'tis from Cordelia;
 Who hath most fortunately been informed
 Of my obscured course; and shall find time
 From this enormous state,—seeking,—to give
 Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-watched,
 Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
 This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!

[*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III. *A Part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaimed;
 And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
 Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast. My face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! Poor Tom!
That's something yet; Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.

A Bedlam
BEGGAR
1
Edgar
of
6 Sept

SCENE IV. *Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home.
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learned,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters! Horses
are tied by the head; dogs and bears by the neck; mon-
keys by the loins, and men by the legs; when a man
is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place mistook,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No!

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Stocks
→ Leggs
& Cornwall

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do, upon respect, such violent outrage.

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that showed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stewed in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Delivered letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents,
They summoned up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poisoned mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Displayed so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries;
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,

Do make their children blind;

But fathers, that bear bags,— *MONEY*

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy
daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear.

Follow me not;

Stay here.

[*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

*OSWALD
HOUSEHOLD
ATTENDANT*

TEARS

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no laboring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm

But I will tarry, the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travelled hard to-night? Mere fetches:

The images of revolt and flying off!

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. ✓ My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremovable and fixed he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,

I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.

Lear. Informed them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service.

Are they informed of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet;—may be, he is not well.

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
 When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
 And am fallen out with my more headier will,
 To take the indisposed and sickly fit
 For the sound man. Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
 That this remotion of the duke and her
 Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
 Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
 Now, presently; bid them come forth and hear me,
 Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
 Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels,
 when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapped 'em o' the
 coxcombs with a stick, and cried, *Down, wantons, down.*
 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, but-
 tered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn.

Hail to your grace!

[*KENT is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
 I have to think so. If thou should'st not be glad,
 I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
 Sepulchring an adultress.—O, are you free? [*To KENT.*
 Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan
 Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied
 Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here.—

[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
 Of how depraved a quality——O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
 You less know how to value her desert,
 Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance,
 She have restrained the riots of your followers,
 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
 As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine. You should be ruled, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wronged her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house.
*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg,* [Kneeling
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train;
Looked black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.—
All the stored vengeance of Heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, fie, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

[*Trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn

What trumpet's that!

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's; this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stocked my servant? Regan, I have good
hope
Thou didst not know of't.—Who comes here? O, Heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?—

[*To GONERIL.*

O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squirelike, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend, when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken, now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all——

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well favored,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;

[To GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. ~~O, reason not the need~~; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You Heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep.—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

Reg. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestowed.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Followed the old man forth;—he is returned.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night.
My Regan counsels well; come out o' the storm. [*Exeunt*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Heath. A storm is heard, with thunder
and lightning.*

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you; where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease; tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to outscorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labors to outjest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be covered
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
 Throned and set high?) servants who seem no less;
 Which are to France the spies and speculations
 Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
 Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
 Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
 Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
 Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings:—
 But, true it is, from France there comes a power
 Into this scattered kingdom; who already,
 Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
 In some of our best ports, and are at point
 To show their open banner.—Now to you.
 If on my credit you dare build so far
 To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
 Some that will thank you, making just report
 Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
 The king hath cause to plain.
 I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
 And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
 This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
 Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
 What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
 (As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring,
 And she will tell you who your fellow is,
 That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm:
 I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand; have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
 That when we have found the king, (in which your pain
 That way; I'll this;) he that first lights on him,
 Holla the other. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
 Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks!
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

*Gent -
 1st 10th 11th.*

*gentleman of
 2nd 10th 11th*

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing! Here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit fire! spout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription; why, then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand your slave,
+ A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters joined
Your high-engendered battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheeets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
 Unwhipped of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
 Thou perjured, and similar man of virtue,
 That art incestuous! Caitiff, to pieces shake,
 That uuder covert and convenient seeming,
 Hast practiced on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
 Rive your concealing continent, and cry
 These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
 More sinned against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
 Repose you there; while I to this hard house
 (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis raised;
 Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Denied me to come in) return, and force
 Their scantied courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
 Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
 I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
 The art of our necessities is strange,
 That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
 Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—
 With a heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
 Must make content with his fortunes fit;
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this
 hovel. [Exeunt LEAR and KENT.]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.
 I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
 When priests are more in word than matter;
 When brewers mar their malt with water;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
 No heretics burned, but wenches' suitors;
 When every case in law is right;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
 When slanders do not live in tongues;
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
 And bawds and whores do churches build;—

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion.

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [Exit.

SCENE III. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken.—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged at home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too.—

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

That which my father loses; no less than all:

The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter. The tyranny of the open night's too rough

For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixed,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure.—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. 'Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own case:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in.
In, boy: go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in, I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoc'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou mayst shake the superfluous to them,
And show the Heavens more just. — *EXTRA*

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor
Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me:—

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire, that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now,—and there,—and there, and there again, and there. *[Storm continues.]*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all ashamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven; one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in

stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, ha no nonny, lol-phin my boy, my boy, sessa: let him trot by.

[*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself;—unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now, a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
 Bid her alight,
 And her troth plight,
And, Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!*

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of the heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallots; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

*But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Mudo he's called, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands.
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come to seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus;—poor banished man!—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlawed from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I loved him, friend,—
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*

The grief hath crazed my wits.—What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:
Hush.

Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.* [Exeunt

SCENE V. A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart this house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O Heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thank fully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness! [Exit GLOSTER.]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. 'Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's heels, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight. Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—

[*To* EDGAR.]
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*]—Now, you she-foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed. Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place; [*To* EDGAR.]
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*]
Bench by his side.—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To* KENT.]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minnikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honorable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warped looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail;
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, do de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes and fairs,
and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomise Regan, see what breeds
about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes
these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of
my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your gar-
ments. You will say they are Persian attire; but let them
be changed. [*To* EDGAR.]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains.
So, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so,
so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pry'thee take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in't.
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master.

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps.—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool, bearing off the King.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I fathered!—Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter;—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the villain Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath conveyed him hence.
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL and EDMUND.*

Corn. ~~Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,~~
Pinion him like a thief; bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? the traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find——

[*REGAN plucks his beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done,
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady.

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favors
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answered, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn.

Cunning.

Reg.

And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo.

To Dover.

Reg.

Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril——

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up
And quenched the stelled fires; yet, poor old heart,
He help the heavens to rain.

3d P 20 If wolves had at thy gate howled that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscribed.—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair;
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down in his chair, while CORN-
WALL plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot
on it.*]

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help.—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv.

Hold your hand, my lord;

I have served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel; what do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. CORN. is wounded.*]

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another Serv.*] A pea-
sant stand up thus?

[*Snatches a sword, comes behind him, and stabs
him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him.—O! [*Dies*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

[*Tears out GLOSTER's other eye, and throws it on the ground.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abused.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt.—Follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace;—
Untimely comes this hurt.—Give me your arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;—Servants unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou, I'll fetch some flax, and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and know to be contemned,
Than still contemned and flattered. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone.
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again.

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods, who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet. The worst
is not,

+ So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm, I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since;
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man.

Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake, Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain, I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man.

Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind. Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure. Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have, Come on't what will. [Exit.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow!

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further.

[Aside.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the Heaven's plagues, Have humbled to all strokes; that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier.—Heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confined deep. Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear, With something rich about me. From that place I shall no leading need. *SW 16104*

Edg.

Give me thy arm;

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[Exeunt

SCENE II. *Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord; I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within, but never man so changed.

I told him of the army that was landed;

He smiled at it. I told him you were coming;

His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,

When I informed him, then he called me sot,

And told me I had turned the wrong side out.—

What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;

What like, offensive.

Gon.

Then shall you go no further.

[*To EDMUND.*

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,

That dares not undertake; he'll not feel wrongs,

Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes, on the way,

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers;

I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant

Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,

A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

[*Giving a favor.*

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—

Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon.

My most dear Gloster!

[*Exit EDMUND.*

O, the difference of man, and man!

To thee a woman's services are due;

My fool usurps my bed.

Stew.

Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb.

O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind

Blows in your face—I fear your disposition.

That nature which contemns its origin,

Cannot be bordered certain in itself;
 She that herself will sliver and disbranch
 From her material sap, perforce must wither,
 And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
 Filths savor but themselves. What have you done?
 Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence the head-lugged bear would lick,
 Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it!
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
 If that the Heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
 'Twill come,
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
 Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-livered man!
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honor from thy suffering; that not know'st,
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punished
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
 France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!
 Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-covered thing, for shame.
 Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
 Thy flesh and bones,—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
 A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;
 Slain by his servant, going to put out
 The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes?

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrilled with remorse,— *PITY*
 Opposed against the act, bending his sword
 To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
 Flew on him, and amongst them felled him dead
 But not without that harmful stroke, which since
 Hath plucked him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
 You justicers, that these our nether crimes
 So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
 Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
 This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
 'Tis from your sister. — (*REGAN*)

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
 But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
 May all the building in my fancy pluck
 Upon my hateful life. Another way,
 The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he informed against him;
 And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
 Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
 To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
 And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
 Tell me what more thou knowest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The French Camp near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back,
 know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
 Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
 Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
 That his personal return was most required,
 And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The mareschal of France, monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demon-
 stration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trilled down
— Her delicate cheek. It seemed, she was a queen
Over her passion; who most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent.

O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better way. Those happy smiles,
That played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropped.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.

Kent.

Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heaved the name of
father

Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart;
Cried, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What! i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor moistened; then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent.

It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate, could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king returned?

Gent.

No; since.

Kent. Well, sir; the poor, distressed Lear is i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent.

Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him; his own un-
kindness,

That stripped her from his benediction, turned her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent.

Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vexed sea; singing aloud;
Crowned with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—What can
man's wisdom do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam.
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blessed secrets,
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news;
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right.
Soon may I hear and see him. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V. *A Room in Gloster's Castle.**Enter REGAN and Steward.**Reg.* But are my brother's powers set forth?*Stew.*

Ay, madam.

Reg.

Himself

In person there?

Stew.

Madam, with much ado;

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?*Stew.* No, madam.*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter to him?*Stew.* I know not, lady.*Reg.* 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,

To let him live; where he arrives, he moves

All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to despatch

His nighted life; moreover, to descry

The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.*Stew.*

I may not, madam;

My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what.—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.*Stew.* Madam, I had rather——*Reg.* I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. (I know you are of her bosom.*Stew.* I, madam?

winks

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it;
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note.My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked;And more convenient is he for my hand,

Than for your lady's; —you may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you, give him this;

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So, fare you well

*Edmund will write to
Gloster & Regan
wrote to unseal it.*

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI. *The Country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER and EDGAR, dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now; look, how we labor.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.

Methinks thy voice is altered; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceived; in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place; stand still.—How
fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall, anchoring bark,
Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand. You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge; for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and gods,

*Gloster wants to
commit suicide, but doesn't
Edgar helps him.*

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go*

Glo.

With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo.

O, you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off.

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great, opposeless wills,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—

Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*

Edg.

Gone, sir? farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,

By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—Speak!

Thus might he pass indeed.—Yet he revives.

What are you, sir?

Glo.

Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,

Thou hadst shivered like an egg: but thou dost breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,

Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorged lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

Edg.

Give me your arm;

Up.—So;—how is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg.

This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that

Which parted from you?

Glo.

A poor, unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welked, and waved like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honors
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glo. I do remember now; henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes
here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your
press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-
keeper; draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse!
Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—
There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up
the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the
clout! hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flat-
tered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my
beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*,
to every thing I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity.
When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make
me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bid-
ding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to,
they are not men o' their words. They told me I was every
thing: 'tis a lie; I am not ague proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember.
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king;
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardoned that man's life: what was thy cause?—
Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery! No;

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above;
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,
there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, con-
sumption.—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of
civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination. There's
money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruined piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou
squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid! I'll not
love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning
of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your
head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a
heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this
world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world
goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yon'
justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear.
Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice,
which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at
a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou

might'st behold the great image of authority ; a dog's obeyed in office.

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand ;
Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine own back ,
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tattered clothes small vices do appear ;
Robes, and furred gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;
Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say none ; I'll able 'em.
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now.
Pull off my boots ;—harder, harder ; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixed !
Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloster.
Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry.—I will preach to thee ; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This a good block ?
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt. I'll put it in proof ;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is ; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter——

Lear. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon ;
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds ? All myself ?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What ?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that!

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you
shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit, running; Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you; what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favor,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir; that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*

Glo. ~~You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;~~
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made lame by fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks.

The bounty and the benison of Heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaimed prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember.—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a published traitor? Hence;

Iest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'll not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my bat be the harder. Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir; come; no matter vor your foins. — [*They fight; and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my purse; If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body; And give the letters, which thou find'st about me, To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out Upon the British party.—O, untimely death. [*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well; a serviceable villain; As duteous to the vices of thy mistress, As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.— Let's see his pockets; these letters, that he speaks of, May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry He had no other deathsman.—Let us see: Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not; To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts; Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my jail; from the loathed warmth whereof, deliver me, and supply the place for your labor.*

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguished space of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke: for him 'tis well,

*Edgar kills
Stew.*

*Goneril plans
to kill Albany
Cher his bond which
Edmund tries to do.*

That of thy death and business I can tell.

[*Exit* EDGAR, *dragging out the body.*

Glo. The king is mad. How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;
So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand;
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VII. *A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on a bed asleep: Physician, Gentleman, and others attending.*

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipped, but so.

Cor. Be better suited.
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent.
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the king?
[*To the Physician.*

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave.—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;—
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assured
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man:

Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not;
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me, for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause; they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam. The great rage,
You see is killed in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me;
'Pray you now, forget and forgive; I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and
Attendants.]

Gent. Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,
The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banished son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.*

Enter, with drums and colors, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or, whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course. He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving;—bring his constant pleasure.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you.
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honored love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosomed with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honor, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not;—
She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldier.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigor of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant. For this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
More just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reasoned?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; 'pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle. [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt* EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it; wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will overlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers:
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both! one? or neither? Neither can be enjoyed,
If both remain alive. To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—

The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colors, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

Alarums; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
~~King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.~~
~~Give me thy hand; come on.~~

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither;
Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colors, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away; good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else outfrown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
~~We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.~~
~~When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,~~
~~And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,~~

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
 At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
 Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
 And take upon us the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
 In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
 He that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
 And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
 The gougiers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see them starve first.
 Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
 Take thou this note; [*Giving a paper.*] go, follow them to
 prison.

One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes. Know thou this,—that men
 Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword.—Thy great employment
 Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
 Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
 Mark,—I say instantly; and carry it so,
 As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
 If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Officer.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and
 Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day, your valiant strain,
 And fortune led you well. You have the captives,
 Who were the opposites of this day's strife.
 We do require them of you; so to use them,
 As we shall find their merits and our safety
 May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
 To send the old and miserable king
 To some retention, and appointed guard;
 Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
 To pluck the common bosom on his side,

And turn our impressed lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen:
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
Ir. his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so looked but askint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine.
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
[*To EDMUND.*

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thine, attaint
'This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to GON.*]—For your claim,
fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;
Tis she is subcontracted to this lord,

~~And I, her husband, contradict your bans.~~
~~If you will marry, make your love to me,~~
~~My lady is bespoke.~~

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art armed, Gloster.—Let the trumpet sound,
 If none appear to prove upon thy person,
 Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
 There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll prove
 it on thy heart,
 Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
 Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange. [*Throwing down a glove.*]
 What in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
 Call by thy trumpet; he that dares approach,
 On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
 My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
 All levied in my name, have in my name
 Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit REGAN, led.*

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,—
 And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet. [*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the
 army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster,
 that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third
 sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound. [1 trumpet.

Her. Again. [2 trumpet.

Her. Again. [3 trumpet.

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears.
 Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? And why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit.
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund, earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—what sayst thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession; I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant gainst this high, illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest forever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight; EDMUND falls.*]

Alb. O, save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster.
By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquished,
But cozened and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir;—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

*Edg. fight
Edmund*

Gon Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine.
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Gon.

Ask me not what I know.

[*Exit GONERIL.*]

Alb. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.

[*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done;
And more, much more. The time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

If more, the more thou hast wronged me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right; 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle: I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness.—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg.

Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?

How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That followed me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdained; and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair;
Never, (O fault!) revealed myself unto him,
Until, some half-hour past, when I was armed,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I asked his blessing, and, from first to last,
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flawed heart,

(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall, perchance, do good. But speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seemed a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamor, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunned my abhorred society; but then finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fastened on my neck, and bellowed out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear received; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banished Kent; who in disguise
Followed his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes,
It came even from the heart of——

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady; and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confessed it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment of the Heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. *[Exit Gentleman.]*

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good-night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
Seest thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved.
The one the other poisoned for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in it—to the castle, for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit EDGAR.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*EDMUND is borne off.*]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms; EDGAR, Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of
stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—O, she is gone for
ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling*

Lear. 'Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone forever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.—
~~I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.~~

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear.

Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion,
I would have made them skip; I am old now.—
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' the best.—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent.

The same;

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too.—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fore-doomed themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he sees; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg.

Very bootless. — *IN VAIN*

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb.

That's but a trifle here.—

*LEAR KILLS
SLAVE —
CORDELIA
IS KILLED*

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
 What comfort to this great decay may come,
 Shall be applied. For us, we will resign,
 During the life of this old majesty,
 To him our absolute power.—You, to your rights;

[To EDGAR and KENT.]

With boot, and such addition as your honors
 Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
 The wages of their virtue, and all foes
 The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life;
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
 And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never!—

'Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.—

Do you see this?—Look on her,—look,—her lips,—

Look there, look there!—

[*He dies.*]

Edg.

He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg.

Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him,
 That would upon the rack of this tough world
 Stretch him out longer.

Edg.

O, he is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long;
 He but usurped his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
 Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[To KENT and EDGAR.]

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
 My master calls, and I must not say no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
 Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
 The oldest hath borne most; we, that are young,
 Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

“*Like the courser’s hair.*”—Act I. Sc. 2.

Holinshed says, “a *horse haire* laid in a full pale of the like water will in a short time stirre and became a living creature. But sith the certaintie of these things is rather proved by few.”—STEEVENS.

“*Gilded puddle.*”—Act I. Sc. 4.

There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools, that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold coloured slime; to this appearance the poet here refers.—HENLEY.

“*Mandragora.*”—Act I. Sc. 5.

Gerard, in his Herbal, says of the *mandragoras*:—“Dioscorides dothe particularly set downe many faculties hereof, of which notwithstanding there be none proper unto it, save those that depend upon the drowsie and sleeping power thereof.”—PERCY.

“*That great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.*”—Act I. Sc. 5.

Alluding to the philosopher’s stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*.—JOHNSON.

“*I’ll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.*”—Act II. Sc. 5.

It is an eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold dust* and *seed pearl*.—WARBURTON.

“*A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.*”—Act II. Sc. 6.

“*Cleopatra* trussed up in a *mattrasse*, and so brought to Cæsar, upon *Apollodorus’* backe.”—NORTH’S PLUTARCH, 1579.

“*The goddess Isis.*”—Act III. Sc. 6.

“Now for Cleopatra, she did not only weare at that time (but at other times els, when she came abroad) the apparell of the *goddesse Isis*, and so gaue audience vnto all her subjects, as a new Isis.”

NORTH’S PLUTARCH.

“*Whom leprosy o’ertake.*”—Act III. Sc. 8.

Pliny, who says, the *white leprosy*, or *elephantiasis*, was not seen in Italy before the time of Pompey the Great, adds, it is “a peculiar maladie, and *naturall to the Egyptians*; but looke when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the subjects and poor people: for then were the tubs and bathing vessels wherein they sate in the baine, filled with men’s blood for their cure.”—REED.

“*It was a king’s.*”—Act IV. Sc. 8.

“Then came Antony again to the palace greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold.”—NORTH’S PLUTARCH.

“*The pretty worm of Nile.*”—Act V. Sc. 2.

Worm is the Teutonic word for *serpent*; we have the blind-worm and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, sometimes seen in the Northern ocean, the *sea-worm*.

JOHNSON.



CYMBELINE.

“*Tenantius.*”—Act I. Sc. 1.

Tenantius was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death, Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his decease, Tenantius was established on the throne. According to some writers, he quietly paid the tribute, others say he refused it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be true, and follows Holinshed, from whom he got the name of Sicilius. Leonatus is a name which occurs in Sydney’s Arcadia.—MALONE.

“*All sworn and honourable.*”—Act II. Sc. 4.

It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility, and other great personages, (as it is now for the servants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity on their entering into office.—PERCY.

“*The ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr’d moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.*”—Act IV. Sc. 2.

The *ruddock* is the redbreast, and is so called by Spenser and Chaucer. The office of covering the dead is ascribed to this bird by Drayton:

“Cov’ring with moss the dead’s unclosed eye,
The little red-breast teacheth charitie.”

And in an old book called *Cornucopia*, it is said: "The *Robin Redbreast*, if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with *mösse*, and some thinke that if the bodye should remaine unburied, that he would cover the whole bodye also." We all remember "The Children in the Wood."

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

"Ay, come, *Semiramis*."—Act II. Sc. 3.

"Queen *Semiramis* loved a great horse that she had, so farre forth, that she was content he should doe his kind with her."

PLINY'S NAT. HIST.

"A precious ring."—Act II. Sc. 4.

There is supposed to be a *gem* called a *carbuncle*, which emits not reflected, but native light. Boyle believed in its existence.—JOHNSON.

"As far from help as limbo is from bliss."—Act III. Sc. 1.

The *limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen fancied to be in the vicinity of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs, and of those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection, were detained.

"Honey-stalks to sheep."—Act IV. Sc. 4.

Honey-stalks are *clover-flowers*, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die.

JOHNSON.

"Bring down the devil."—Act V. Sc. 1.

It appears from these words, that the audience were amused with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off.—STEEVENS.

"Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred."—Act V. Sc. 3.

The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that we cannot omit showing the reader how he continues the speech before us:

"Thus cramm'd, thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up."

[Stabs the Emperess.

And then—"A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Chiron and Demetrius hanging up against the wall; their bodies in chains in bloody linen."—STEEVENS.

"Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth."—Act V. Sc. 3.

That *justice* and *cookery* may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once *racked* and *roasted* on the stage.

We have already given specimens of the changes made in this piece

by Ravenscroft, who revised it successfully in the year 1687; and may add, that when the empress stabs her child, he has supplied the Moor with the following lines:

“She has outdone me, ev’n in mine own art,
Outdone me in murder, kill’d her own child;
Give it me, I’ll eat it.” STEEVENS

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe, that Antioch was the metropolis of Syria; Tyre, a city of Phœnicia in Asia; Tarsus, the metropolis of Cicilia, a country of Asia-minor; Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean sea; and Ephesus, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.—STEEVENS.

“*When I saw the porpus, how he bounded and tumbled.*”—Act II. Sc. 1.

Captain Cook, in his second voyage to the South Seas, mentions the playing of *porpusses* round the ship as a certain sign of a violent gale of wind.—MASON.

“*A pair of bases.*”—Act II. Sc. 1.

What *bases* mean is quite uncertain, but from a passage in Sydney’s Arcadia, we may suppose they were a kind of breeches. “His *bases* (which he ware so long as they almost came to his ankles) were embroidered onley with blacke wormes, which seemed to crawle up and downe, as readie alreadie to devour him.”—STEEVENS.

“*Till the ship be cleared of the dead.*”—Act III. Sc. 1.

There was an ancient superstition, that a ship at sea would sink if a corpse remained on board. So in Fuller’s Historie of the Holy Warre: “His body was carried into France, there to be buried, and was most miserably tossed; it being observed, *that the sea cannot digest the crudity of a dead corpse, being a due debt to be interred where it dieth*; and a ship cannot abide to be made a bier of.—STEEVENS.

“*These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes.*”—Act IV. Sc. 2.

The Spanish Armada probably furnished the author with this name. Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake, on the 22d of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. The making one of this Spaniard’s ancestors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days.—MALONE.

“*To keep our door hatched.*”—Act IV. Sc. 2.

The doors or hatches of brothels seem to have had some distinguishing mark. So in Cupid’s Whirligig, 1607:—“Set some *picks* upon your hatch, and, I pray, profess to keep a *bawdy-house*.”

"And cry, he that will give most, shall have her first."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

The prices of first and second prostitution were exactly settled; so in an old prose romance: "Go thou and make a crye through the citie, that of all men that shall enhabyte with her carnally, the fyrst shall give me a pounce of golde, and after that echone a peny of golde.—STEEVENS.

"I have drawn her picture with my voice."—Act IV. Sc. 3.

It was formerly the custom at Naples to hang up the pictures of celebrated courtesans in the public parts of the town, to serve as directions where they lived.—MASON.

"Crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable."—Act IV. Sc. 6.

A skilful workman, who had discovered the *art of making glass malleable*, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off instantly, lest the invention should injure the workers in precious metals.—DION CASSIUS.



KING LEAR.

"And to eat no fish."—Act I. Sc. 4.

In Elizabeth's time, the papists were thought, and with reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial expression of, *he's an honest man, and eats no fish*, to signify *he's a friend to the government, and a protestant*; the eating of fish being considered such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined by parliament to encourage the fish-towns, it was held proper to declare the reason, hence it was called *Cecil's fast*.—WARBURTON.

"That frontlet."—Act I. Sc. 4.

A *frontlet* was a forehead cloth, used formerly by ladies at night, to render that part smooth.—MALONE.

"That's a shealed peascod."—Act I. Sc. 4.

The robing of Richard II.'s effigy in Westminster Abbey, is wrought with *peascods open*, and *the peas out*; perhaps an allusion to his once being in possession of full sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title.
TOLLET.

"Stocks brought out."—Act II. Sc. 2.

This was not the first time of introducing *stocks* on the stage. In Hick Scorner, which was printed early in the reign of Henry VIII., *Pity* is put into them, and left there till he is freed by *Perseverance* and *Contemplacyon*.—STEEVENS.

"Of Bedlum beggars."—Act II. Sc. 3.

In the Bell-man of London, by Decker, 1640, is an account of one of these characters under the name of an Abraham Man. "He swears he

hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickly of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh; especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himself to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himself by the name of *Poore Tom*, and coming near any body crys out, *Poore Tom is a-cold*; of these Abraham Men, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines: some will dance, some will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe; others are dogged, and so sullen both in looke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling the servants, through fear, to give them what they demand.*"

STEEVENS.

"*Then he wears wooden nether-stocks.*"—Act II. Sc. 4.

Nether-stocks is the old word for *stockings*. *Breeches* being at that time called *overstocks*.—STEEVENS.

"*Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

Edgar's ravings may be explained by reference to a passage in Harsnet's book: "This Exam' further sayeth, that one Alexander, an apothecary, having brought with him from London to Denham, on a tūne, a new *halter*, and two blades of *knives*, did leave the same upon the gallerie floore, in her master's house: a great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither, till Ma. Mainy, in his next fit said, it was reported that the *devil lay'd them in the gallerie*, that some of those *that were possessed might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades.*"—MALONE.

"*Wore gloves in my cap.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

It was anciently the custom to wear gloves in the hat, on three different occasions, viz.: as the favour of a mistress; the memorial of a friend; and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. A passage or two may be given to prove the usage.

In the play called *Campaspe*: "Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, instead of plumes in graven helmets."

And in Decker's *Satiromastix*: "Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather *brooch*."—STEEVENS.

"*Web and the pin.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

The Lapland method of cure for "a disease of the eyes called the *pin* and *web*, which is an imperfect stage of a cataract," is given by Acerbi, in his travels.—BLAKEWAY.

"*Whipped from tything to tything.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

A tything is a division of a place, a district; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times, every hundred was divided into tythings. By a statute of Elizabeth, it is enacted, "that every vagabond shall be *publickly whipped, and sent from parish to parish.*"

STEEVENS.

"*Peace, Smolkin, peace.*"—Act III. Sc. 4.

The demons here mentioned by Edgar, were the popular fiends of the poet's age, and were well known among the superstitious of every class. Even the learned and noble fell into the same grovelling delusion; King

James was a staunch believer, not merely in their existence, but in the every-day agency which was ascribed to them by the vulgar. Shakespeare has made Edgar, in his feigned madness, allude to an imposture of some English Jesuits. The trick was in substance as follows:—While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the Jesuits were busy to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts among the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Peckham, a catholic; where Marwood, (a servant of Anthony Babington, who was afterwards executed for treason,) Trayford, an attendant on Peckham, and *three chambermaids*, in that family, came into the priest's hands to be cured; but the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests were so elate and careless with success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The devils mentioned by Edgar, are those who were made to act in this farce upon the chambermaids, and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that Harsnet has one chapter "On the strange names of their devils; lest (says he), meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for names of tapsters or jugglers."—WARBURTON.

"*Hopdance cries in Tom's belly.*"—Act III. Sc. 6.

In Harsnet's book, one of the pretended demoniacs deposeth—"that if at any time she did belch, as often times she did by reason that shee was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her, and that the wind was the devil," and, "as she saith, if they heard any *croaking in her belly*, then they would make a wonderful matter of that."—STEEVENS.

"*Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.*"—Act III. Sc. 6.

A *horn* was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him. See A Pleasant Dispute between a Coach and a Sedan, 1636. "I have observed when a coach is appendant but two or three hundred pounds a yeere, marke it, the dogges are as leane as rakes; you may tell all their ribbes lying by the fire; and a *Tom-a-Bedlam* may sooner eat his *horne*, than get it filled with *small drinke*; and for his old alms of bacon there is no hope in the world."

MALONE

"*Upon these eyes of thine, I'll set my foot.*"—Act III. Sc. 7.

In Selimus, emperor of the Turks, one of the sons of Bajazet *pulls out the eyes of an Aga on the stage*, and says,

"Yes, thou shalt live, but never see that day,
Wanting the tapers that should give thee light."

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. In Marston's Antonio's Revenge, 1602, *Piero's tongue is torn out upon the stage*. We give these instances of depraved taste, to prove that Shakespeare's drama was not more sanguinary than that of his contemporaries."

STEEVENS and MALONE.

"——— *Half way down*
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!"

Act IV. Sc. 6.

"*Samphire* grows in great plenty on most of the sea cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how the people gather it, hanging by a rope

several fathom from the top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air.”—SMITH’S HISTORY OF WATERFORD, 1774.

“*That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper.*”—Act IV. Sc. 6.

In several counties, to this day, they call a stuffed figure representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*.—THEOBALD.

“*It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt.*”—Act IV. Sc. 6.

This “delicate stratagem” had actually been put in practice about fifty years before Shakspeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert’s Life of Henry VIII.:—“And now,” says that historian, “having feasted the ladies royally for divers days, he (Henry) departed from Tournay to Lisle, Oct. 13, 1513; whither he was invited by the Lady Margaret, who caused there a *juste* to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-rooin, raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black square stones, like marble; while the *horses*, to prevent sliding, *were shod with felt or flocks*; after which the ladies danced all night.”—MALONE.

END OF VOL. VII.



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